

FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 8.

AN ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.

DRAWN BY MISS MARIE SOLARI.

ONCE great Parrhasius, so the fable goes,
Painted a curtain in such magic wise
That it deceived the searching, artist eyes
Of him who wrought against him—but there glows
In this, thy picture, loftier skill. It shows,
As though a curtain had been drawn, the skies
Of fair Italia, and, in silence, lies
Writ out the story of a nation's woes.
Those perfect eyes, that brown and curling hair,
That smiling, sensuous, tender, cruel mouth,
That indolent and strong and careless air,
That poet's brow, and yet that arid drouth
Of spirit, all speak Italy the fair,
The loving, loveless Lais of the South.

Howard Hawthorne M'Gee.

THE PLAIN OF SORRENTO.



N approaching Sorrento by land we enter the peninsula at Castellammare. This flourishing, stirring place, with its fishing and trading population of twoscore thousand, is the "best foot" put forward of Monte S. Angelo, whose battered hat, five thousand feet above, is the ruined chapel of St. Michael, and whose bosom holds immense depots of snow—the only ice to be had in the land—and a thousand scars from fragments of pumice stone hurled at the old saint by mad Vesuvius in those frightful days when superb cities sank out of sight and Pliny perished. In the battle that waged between these giants then the ancient Stabiæ was slain and buried here; but above its ruins has arisen a greater, that bears its name—Castellammare di Stabia.

The castle from which the first name is derived stands in ruins on the hill to the south of the town—stands a poor monument to the Emperor Frederic II. its builder, and to Charles I. of Anjou, who enlarged it and built the towers to add security to a reign of crime.

Skirting the east angle of the Bay of Naples we follow the main street for the distance of a mile before it merges into the matchless highway leading to Vico, and thence through the rich, populous and historic *Piano de Sorrento*. From the road about Meta—a mile further on—the eye rests upon a most remarkable scene. Below is a valley, bordered on the east by lofty and picturesque mountains, and on the west a high tufa cliff towering precipitously above the sea, along which it stretches in an unbroken wall for miles, while in its soft stone have been wrought, by hands turned to dust thousands of years ago, numerous grottoes, and through which tunnels lead up from the many harbors. The soil is remarkable for fertility, and the whole surface is thickly burdened with orchards, vineyards and gardens. In the five or six square miles of this unique plain stand some twenty towns and villages, every one of which survives or stands on the ruins of a Greek or Roman community.

Drained by numerous ravines, abundantly watered, marvelously productive, perfectly sheltered from adverse winds, having unsurpassed scenery and a rich atmosphere of the bracing



CORSO DUOMO AND CATHEDRAL TOWER.

mountain breezes mingling with the salubrious breath of the adjacent sea, this locality was most attractive from earliest times both to peasant and prince. Here, at intervals, lived Augustus, and near his was the villa of M. Agrippa, while the noble impress of Antoninus Pius and a host of other great personages linger among its fragmentary ruins and in its glorious traditions. The fragmentary remains of the house of Pollius Felix are pointed out, besides a mass of more or less fictitious relics.

In this limited space dwells a thick and contented population, while it remains, as in the remote past, a popular summer and winter resort for many wealthy visitors of all nationalities. For a few francs one may have a carriage and pair to drive over the ten miles of excellent military road from Castellammare to Massalubreuse, an excursion unsurpassed in charming scenery and rich history. From Massa' the road leads us up the mountain side to St. Agata and the Deserto on the crest of the mountain range that separates the plain from the Gulf of Salerno on the east. From this spot one beholds *miracles* of splendid views extending over three gulfs and the mountain range toward Caserta. Yonder, a few miles to the east are the Islands of the Sirens—barren, deserted and not nearly so musical now as these chestnut groves and vineyards at our feet, nor so attractive to the mariner as the song of trade in the opposite bay; to the southwest, as if hiding from the chanting nymphs, crouches Capri, while far beyond stands, distinct and fair, the rocks of Ischia and Procida and the classic Gulf of Pozzuoli. Naples, Vesuvius and the whole coast to the northwest and north, seen through this transparent air, draw near with tinted faces mellowed in smiles. Southward stretches the point of the peninsula, till so recently infested with pirates. Halfway down to the town of Sorrento is a group of poles—this is Telegraph Hill, which communicates with Capri by means of flag signals. There at Meta is the large church, built on the site of a temple of Minerva. Here at Massa' San Francesco rests on the foundations of a temple of Juno, and along the coast that stretches between them are a number of Greek and Roman remains. There in the midst nestles quaint Sorrento, the Roman *Sorrentum*, with its temple of Neptune, amphitheater and antique aqueduct.

Thus does the environment of this commanding spot blossom into beauty and teem with profound and thrilling story. Indeed, it recalls a story of my own.

A few years ago, while passing through the piazza at Castellammare, I had seen an officer interrupt the band and arrest one of the musicians, whom he marched off to prison after mutilating his uniform. Next day I encountered this musician on the way

to Vico and asked him to ride with me. He had been weeping, and this fact, together with his youth, beauty and intelligence, attracted me to him. He must have liked me, too, for we were friends in a few minutes. He told me that his name was Marianno. He had written and set to music a tender song on *Sweet Hope*, which he had thrown in at the window of Edita, the daughter of a wealthy official. Unfortunately, the latter had chanced to witness the lover's venture and seizing the paper he rushed after the youngster and succeeded in having him arrested, disgraced and imprisoned on some such charge as attempted burglary. Saddest of all, on the way to prison Edita had seen him and laughed at him. I have now forgotten by what means he effected his escape, nor can I recall by what accident Marianno



HOUSE OF POLLIVS FELIX.

had been able to get hold of *Sweet Hope* again, but he had it—concealed in his bosom—and showed it to me. I found it so beautiful in sentiment that I begged him to sing it, and as he did so was constrained to embrace the poor troubadour. Then I bade him take courage and wait patiently.

"Ah!" said he, "my heart has not failed, nor ever shall. Some day Edita shall hear my song and then will she be mine."

How often since have I thought of my chance acquaintance and wondered how his pathetic affair ended. But to return to our text.

Entering at Vico we pass quite to the far end of the "piano" before reaching the town of Sorrento, a curious, thriving little city of eight thousand souls, that gives its name to the plain.

Arriving here we enter at once upon scenes associated with "Agnes of Sorrento," the charming character created by Mrs. Stowe thirty or forty years ago. The deep ravine is still peopled with dwarfs and evil spirits, which are driven back into the utmost recesses of their dank abode by the explosion of rockets and fireworks, preceding and terminating each an endless catalogue of festas. The monastery, though suppressed, remains, and among the hundreds of servants of the church and the throngs of happy population one involuntarily re-creates the characters of the pretty story and follows them in imagination from spot to spot, lingering on the old bridge that spans the chasm at the city gate, peeping, with trembling Agnes, through the gates of the fortress, or following her reckless hero to his lodgings at the Marina. But the town of thirty years ago has almost disappeared. About half of the wall of the old fortress and a fragment of the small fortification at the port, just under the grounds of the Villa Nordi, are still to be seen. So is the statue of St. Antonio, but not on the castle gate as of yore, for the fine old castle has been torn away to make room for the piazza and wide Corso that divides the town asunder from end to end. In the place of the castle now stands the Circola, or club, with its handsome clock. Afterward the statue stood at the entrance of the bridge, and since the bridge grew into a square called the Piazza of Tasso—for the poet's figure dominates it—the bronze saint stands high and dry in the middle of the street, with his back to the piazza. To increase his humiliation a five hundred candle power electric light has been hung in front of the saint's nose, and a new cable way running through a tunnel in the cliff up from the port lands its passengers a few feet away. This latter is a new enterprise of the Hotel Victoria, as is also the electric light. Sorrento boasts several of the best appointed and patronized hotels in Italy—the Victoria, Bristol, Grande Bretagne, Syrene, Tramontano, etc., besides a number of *pensions*, and while the prices are still low, ranging from one to three dollars per day, they are away out of sight of the tariff



STATUE OF TASSO.

of a quarter of a century ago. An English gentleman who spends his summers here, declares that at that time he lived with his wife in the principal hotel at seven francs per day, everything included. My physician assures me that he used to buy the best wine at one cent the bottle and everything else in proportion. Most of the hotels occupy old and historic villas. The Grande Bretagne is kept in the Villa Majo, and the Tramontano in the house of Tasso. Near the latter is the house of Tasso's sister Cornelia where, after a "glorious and chequered career," he came disguised as a shepherd and found loving hospitality. This was about 1592. Three years more sufficed to erase his offenses and to bring the realization of his hopes. From here he set out through Naples to Rome to have the crown of the laureates placed on his head by the hands of the Pope. But even to the holy and eternal city his black star pursued, for on his coronation day he died.

There is some confusion as to the actual location of Tasso's house. Some rocks in the sea are pointed out as having been the foundation of the house, while the hotel mentioned and the Villa Nordi both claim to have been the residence of the poet three hundred years ago. But there need be no war of traditions here. Let the rocks in the sea be called the place of his birth; the hotel his last residence and the villa one of the places where he found succor and concealment. Between the two properties is now situated the little public garden and the founding asylum of Torquato Tasso.

The effort to keep property intact among numerous poor descendants has resulted in many instances in a ridiculously minute and unique division of real estate. Such, for instance, as the portioning of a house between fifteen or twenty persons, each of whom owns a room or rooms. A gentleman who rents a villa for a hotel complained that he could get no repairs made because he could never get all the sixteen owners of rooms in a liberal mood at once. Such a property I tried to lease, but the numerous owners could not all vacate at once nor agree upon terms and repairs. This place stands on one of the heights overlooking the plain, and higher up toward the Deserto I found another, but so badly out of repair that I despaired of making it habitable, having again to deal with a number of proprietors, each of whom acted as his own agent.

One afternoon as I descended on foot from this latter villa I had arrived at Capodimonte, when I overtook a small flock of goats, and in the features of the goatherd I recognized the handsome face of Marianno. He had served as a waiter at one of the hotels till this season, when who should come there for the

summer but the furious rich official, his wife and Edita. Escaping unrecognized to the house of his sister, he soon found employment herding these goats, which he drove up the mountains early in the morning, not returning into the town again till after nightfall. But all hope was now over. A prize had been offered by the bandmaster of Sorrento for the best piece of music by a native of the town, the contest to be decided by the citizens and visitors assembled in the piazza where the band plays. His overfond sister had sent in *Sweet Hope*, which he had been elaborating and revising, without either consulting him



PANORAMA FROM CAPODIMONTE.

or taking thought of the consequences. This was the night when the music was all to be played, and as the name of each author was to be announced publicly he was ruined. Escape was now impossible; there was nothing to look forward to but a long imprisonment or worse, with no prospect of winning his lady fair.

"O!" exclaimed the noble fellow, "if Edita could but hear my song! But she can not now; her father is fond of music and

will be there. Of course when my name is published my music will be suppressed."

Again I encouraged him as best I could and passed on toward the town. An hour later when I entered the piazza the band was playing in the grove in front of the Circola. Marianno's music chanced to be the last on the list, which was rather long. From the enthusiasm occasioned by several of the pieces I despaired of its success, especially when I discovered the offended official and his family seated in a window of the Circola. At last a transparency was raised announcing "*Sweet Hope*, by Marianno di Massa." After a moment's silence the proud official arose to his feet and began talking excitedly, and ere long a



BATH OF DIANA.

carbineer approached the bandmaster, spoke a few words and took down the transparency. But before this had transpired enough of the air had been performed to catch the ear of the people, who cheered so enthusiastically that it was played through to the end without further interruption, when, at its conclusion, the air was rent asunder by the huzzas of the throng and the loud cries for *Sweet Hope* and Di Massa. It was now evident to all that he was an easy winner. At the club window Edita was weeping and her father sat with his head in his hand.

Turning to leave the tumultuous piazza I caught sight of a beautiful female face, half concealed behind the white statue of Tasso. The poet's hand was extended over her as if in benediction. For some reason I fancied she was Marianno's sister, and my heart rejoiced with her, while I passed on through the Via Rota to my hotel.

Sorrento is a place of high garden walls, a fact deplored by all visitors, because the sea and mountain breezes are cut off. These walls, however, are necessary for protection against rogues, as well as the high winds of winter. But the commercial importance of these gardens or orchards makes them of the first consideration. So valuable are these little plantations every available inch of space is planted thickly with orange, fig, lemon, plum, peach, pear, apple, olive, almond and walnut trees and grapes. Even parts of the cliff are terraced, filled with earth and planted. One such terrace of half an acre, just under the picturesque Villa Majo, is planted with lemon trees, and is said to yield two thousand francs a year. We need no better evidence of the value and importance of the soil than the fact that proprietors can not afford to excavate valuable Greek and Roman remains known to be buried under their trees and vines. A characteristic sight here is that of a string of young women carrying each two large boxes of lemons on her head to the Marina, the head being protected by a circular roll of cloth or grass.

Next in importance to the fruit trade is that of wood work and silk; both articles so famous and so worthy of their fame.

Yesterday I strolled down to the Via Rota through the gardens and by the villas situated on the sea as far as the Hotel Cocumella, kept in a suppressed monastery, on the outside of the chapel of which is a large and rather excellent picture. Here I turned up to the town of San Angelo, which is but one-fourth of a mile from the border of Sorrento. After a glance through the imposing church here, I took a carriage (*carrozzella*) at ten cents the half hour and drove along the Corso the full length of Sor-



A NURSE.

rento, passing the two banks, post and telegraph offices, the piazza, where were grouped some of the grotesquely attired nursewomen, all of whom wore enormous earrings, which seem to be greatly prized here as heirlooms. Thence I proceeded past the principal wood and silk shops, in one of which several silk looms were in operation in full view. A few paces beyond I stopped at the cathedral to further examine some ancient bas-reliefs and inscriptions in which I was interested. This is the duomo or cathedral whose tower gives its name to the grand Corso. As I emerged from the antique portal of these buildings a wedding party was leaving by the side entrance. Four or five carriages waited under the locust trees. They were decorated, and in each were four horses, in whose bridles stood tall pheasant feathers. Dozens of children crowded, screamed and fought around the wheels for the candy thrown on the bridal party by their friends in adjacent windows. The reader will hardly believe that this couple proved to be no other than Marianno and Edita. I failed to attract their attention as they dashed past me, but as Edita's parents occupied the following carriage I feel sure that *Sweet Hope* was the potent agent that effected this romantic consummation.

Proceeding on down the Corso to the bridge spanning the Conca ravine I turned down to the Marina Grande, where I had to drive a bargain with a boatman who, recognizing a foreigner, raised his tariff one hundred per cent. As I had passed through the plain over the high road I purposed traversing the distance over the high sea by boat. This plan was an inspiration, the views of towns, villas and mountains being even finer than I fancied; nor had I expected to see anything so interesting and pretty as the grottoes we explored, the remains of antique masonry we examined, the bath of Diana, as great Nature built it, and that of Queen Johanna, as it was constructed by Greeks or Romans. How I longed for my friends. Does not every generous fellow long for all his friends when he finds a good thing, that they may help him to enjoy it all?

Thus had we explored this fair valley—on foot, by carriage and boat, and with delighted eyes, from Deserto and Capodimonte. Yet we left it with reluctance and remember it with yearning sighs.

C. Q. Wright.

THE DEMON LOVER.

"As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!"—*Coleridge.*

THE moon is cold on the withered wold ;
The wind is fierce and free ;
In stinging drifts the mad snow sifts,
Blown by the hollow tree.

The gnarled tree shakes, and in roots like snakes
A fen-fire glows and burns—
Or is it an owl whose fixed eyes scowl
From tangles of skeleton ferns ?

Is it a gust of thin snow-dust
That flits across the plain ?
Is it the breeze that wails and drees ?—
Christ sain thee, Floramane !

The moon is white in the winter night,
The wind is fierce and free ;
And Floramane her place hath ta'en
Beneath the haunted tree.

The wild fox whines ; the moonlight shines
With an elfin, eldritch light,
As, tall in the gloom, with a lofty plume
A knight stalks still and white.

A falchion slim at his side hangs dim ;
His long cloak flutters wide ;
His kiss is bleak on her mouth and cheek
As he folds her to his side.

The wild fox whines ; and the moonlight shines
Straight through on Floramane,
Straight through the part where over his heart
The stab's a burning stain.

Madison Carwein.



THE MOON IS COLD ON THE WITHERED WOLD.

PILATE'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.



HE wings of the morning stretch out from the east and hover gently over the Syrian landscape. Up in their high places the stars grow dim and like tired eyes close wearily before the light of the new-born day. The guards on the Temple battlements are gazing toward the southeast that they may give signal to the trumpeter when the sun touches Hebron. The torches of the departing priests, who have served all night in the Temple, flare in the chill morning breeze that arouses murmurs in the gray-leaved olives and awakens the drowsy birds in their nests in the acacia trees, while the shepherd, asleep on the hillside, draws his goat skin closer about him and the young kids cuddle against their dams. All is yet very still within the city, for the rich and powerful in Jerusalem, as elsewhere, have grown slothful, and the multitude await the sound of the priest's brazen trumpet to sally forth to the morning Temple service—the daily sacrifice of the lamb—and to begin its noisy traffic of business and trade.

As yet tower and battlement, archway and column, the slender acacias in the court-yards, the tall palm trees by the fountains, the terraced gardens and hillside vineyards, and the dark hills beyond, all seem but shadow-shapes in the pale misty dawn-light. No military signals have yet sounded from the castle of Antonia, for the sentinels at the entrance gate lie asleep, with their heads pillowed upon their shields. The Roman guards stationed about the royal palace and before the governor's house impatiently await the signal from the Temple, which shall release them from their vigils.

"By the beard of Jupiter, the steeds of the sun god make but slow progress! Look eastward, Sextus, and mark if his reins be flashing along the crest of yon hill. I am weary of this dull work."

"Bah!" rejoined the other soldier, suppressing a yawn as he tucked a dice-box into the folds of his toga, "thou mayst think differently before thou art many days older, friend Flaccus."

"Thou art full of dark sayings," quoth Flaccus, half petulantly. "Have not these Jews yet learned that they do but gall their necks when they would shake off the yoke of Rome? The procurator hath sent back the ensigns,* which caused such offense and clamor. What new sedition dost thou mean? Speak plainly, man."

"Well then, thou art a fool not to read that which is writ so plain before thee. Pilate is vain and greedy and Tiberius is jealous of too boastful minions. To be powerful is to be feared and to be feared is to be hated. It were well now, should occasion offer, to do the Jews a pleasure, for their unwarranted oppressions have aroused enmity throughout Syria and bred offense at Rome. This new sect, lately arisen among the Jews, is growing more powerful than the Rabbins are willing to acknowledge and its suppression is likely to cause a violent sedition. Pilate hath taken to wife a Hebrew woman who, 'tis whispered, is a follower of this Nazarene prophet."

"Have a care of thy tongue," rejoined the other hastily, with a note of warning in his voice. "Valerius says—who goes there?"

The conversation, which had grown animated in spite of the weariness of the two men, was here broken short by the appearance of a person at the arched gateway which led to the inner court of the governor's house. The face and figure before them might have attracted attention under different circumstances. The long graceful folds of his Jewish habiliments betokened his race. A robe of some dark woven stuff was girt in about the waist by the ends of a scarf of the same material, which, by a dexterous and picturesque arrangement, served in the triple capacity of hood, mantle and girdle. The unusual stature of the stranger might have given him an air of dignity but for a stoop in the shoulders and an unpleasing peculiarity of gait. He moved in a hurried, goaded sort of pace which, together with a backward movement of the head, gave the impression of one who is eluding a pursuer. As he drew near the Roman guards discerned in the dim light the furtive eyes, bloodless lips and coarse nostrils of one whose face had lately grown familiar about Jerusalem. The whole personality of the man seemed to be subservient to some strange inherent force—a resistless force that was impelling him toward tragedy and destiny. Instinctively conscious of something abnormal in the moral nature of the stranger, the soldiers drew back as he approached. Without a word the Jew took from a goat-skin pouch which he carried his passport. It was the signet ring of the procurator. As his

* See "Josephus."

hurrying figure vanished in the shadows of the inner court the sunlight touched the eastern hills. Immediately the blast of the Temple trumpet resounded through the streets of the city.

"Come," cried Flaccus, stretching his brawny limbs, "let us go by the way of the wool-combers' quarter and cool our parched tongues with a draught of Median beer; what say you?"

"Agreed," replied his more taciturn companion.

As they went on their way they encountered a motley crowd of cattle-dealers, money-exchangers, fruit-venders and hucksters, all hurrying to the Temple bazaar in the outer court of the Gentiles.* The jostling crowd moved on toward the Temple street, anxious to arrive at the general mart in advance of the worshippers, in order to secure advantageous positions for their several trades. As they threaded their way among the busy throng the younger of the two men asked suddenly:

"Knowest thou, Sextus, aught of this early-rising Jew who hath sought audience at the governor's house at such an unseemly hour? By the trident of Neptune, he hath no more blood than a fish!"

"Nothing, save that he is one Judas, who cometh from the palm plain of Caryot. He is one of the twelve who consort with the Nazarene. Well, here we are in the lane of the wool-combers' and yonder stands the host waiting to pour us a measure from his fresh filled jars."

The thrifty wine dealer, who had already set his earthen vessels at the door that their contents might be fermented in the sun, drew two draughts of beer in obsequious haste, presenting them to his martial customers with the suggestion that the same beverage would be more acceptable to the palate if accompanied by a dish of locusts fried in fresh honey.

The soldiers leisurely drained their clay bowls a second time, replied briefly in the negative, and went on their way, leaving the little Jew counting over the first fruits of his morning's industry and sorrowing over the extra farthing he had failed to accumulate.

CHAPTER II.

In the sleeping apartments of the judgment house the Lady Abrokla lay, surrounded by all the pomp and luxury that wealth could lavish or love bestow.

Paduan tapestries adorned the spacious walls, and the tessellated floors were covered with the costliest products of the Persian looms. Over against the western wall an immense

* See "Jewish Artisan Life," by Delitzsch, p. 66.

tripod of brass and ebony supported a shield, helmet and spear, for Pilate had risen from military rank to civil office. The couch of carved sandal-wood upon which the lady lay was the marriage gift of the Emperor to the procurator's Eastern bride; its camel-hair draperies were secured and held in place by the beak and claws of a golden eagle. From the ceiling a pendant vessel of alabaster, set in a fret-work of gold and suspended by silver chains, shed perfumed radiance over the masses of soft, rich color. An inlaid table from Mauritania, supported by four carved heads of beasts—a lion's, a wolf's, a crocodile's and a cobra's—bore upon its mosaic surface a mammoth sea-shell laden with luscious fruits. Upon a smaller table of shittim wood a golden goblet, half drained of Falernian wine, was proffered by the white hand of an ivory Bacchus, attesting the epicurean palate of a Sybarite and the æsthetic taste of an artist.

In spite of all these luxurious surroundings the chamber of Pilate was restless and disturbed. The weight of public affairs hung heavily upon his mind. Divers conflicting schemes perplexed his brain. A passionate love for his Hebrew wife, who for love of him had broken the barriers of Mosaic law and Jewish prejudice, and who bore meekly the wrath and contempt of her people and kindred for becoming his wife—made it a bitter thing to have aught to do with the suppression of the new sect, for the Lady Abrokla, like many others, had secretly accepted the new faith. So Pilate believed, yet to conciliate the tetrarch and to appease the Pharisees he must participate in this matter. This was a grievous thought to him. His keen insight foresaw such a course a political necessity, yet vague apprehensions troubled him sorely. Unable to sleep he rose up from the clinging arms of the sleeping woman and donned his official robes many hours before the dawn. With noiseless steps he paced back and forth, pondering upon the vexed questions that arrayed themselves before him. Presently Abrokla stirred, a frightened cry escaped her parted lips, blanched by some visioned terror. Hastening to the couch Pilate leaned over the prostrate form of his wife and his hard, stern face grew gentle.

"What is it, love?" he murmured softly. "Pilate is near thee; there is naught to fear."

But the wild beating of her heart was not stilled by the voice whose lightest tone held mastery over her waking senses.

"Let me kiss back the color to thy sweet lips, love. Strangle the sighs that issue from these pure portals," he whispered holding his lips against the child-like mouth until, love-flushed, it trembled back an answering caress.

Unconsciously one small white hand sought its accustomed place within his warm palm, the slender fingers closing over his in such a vise-like grasp that the carved head of Jupiter in the stone setting of his ring cut into his flesh. A drop of warm blood trickled from between his fingers and fell into the little pink palm. At this moment the sound of footsteps in the outer corridor, or antechamber, was distinctly audible. As gently as he could Pilate withdrew his hand from the clasp of the dreamer and hastened to his private audience room to meet there an expected visitor. As he entered the haggard face of the Jew of Caryot met his gaze.

CHAPTER III.

All night long Baasha, the star prophet, had sat upon the roof of the judicial palace striving—as men in all ages have striven and shall strive—to decipher in the golden hieroglyphics of the skies God's purpose and man's future. The jar of water and the oaten cake placed there by the minions of Pilate for the refreshment of the astrologist stood untouched beside him. His clear cut, pallid face set in its framework of orient dusky hair falling loosely over neck and shoulders, was upturned to the trackless star-fields with the intensity of concentrated thought.

He wore a long, white garment after the fashion of an Essene, although he was not enrolled as a follower of any of those orders or sects which were destroying the domestic peace and dissolving the spiritual unity of the Jewish nation. The warm, languorous blood of his beautiful Persian mother—the gulf stream of his being—coursed through the cold, passionless currents of his Jewish nature, imparting warmth and color to a temperament that would have been harsh and cold without its influence. As it were, the rough, hard wall of stern Hebraic character was trellised over with the tropical flowers of poetry and imagination. Across the pale forehead of Baasha the strongly accentuated brows were drawn in a straight, dark line and his shapely hands clutched nervously the parchment rolls within their grasp.

"Beyond the veil ! Beyond the veil !" he murmured sadly. "The lines conflict and these poor mortal eyes are blurred, dim casements—too narrow for my spirit's vision. Yet, by the mystic gift that makes me read men's hearts and track their thoughts, I dimly trace the shadow of an awful doom—I know not what."

"Soul of the Infinite, touch *my* soul," he cried in passionate longing. "Lift it up out of this pent-house of mortality—

up to the realms whence thou didst send it forth! Let it escape these bars of bone and walls of flesh—ere it leaves its human house forevermore—that it may learn the secrets kept in thy shut hands—the *why* and *whence*! Oh, universal Father! give me light that I may see, knowledge that I may know. Only thus tutored can I hope to aid and teach the sinning and the suffering!”

The tones of ecstatic supplication ended in a note of despair. The uplifted arms dropped wearily and the flush of excitement, which had for a moment crimsoned his olive cheek, faded into extreme pallor. A coronet of sweat beads stood out upon his brow and the lips that for many hours had not tasted food or drink were damp with the moisture of exhaustion. A sort of convulsive motion animated his slender frame, then quickly as the vibration of a shock, a tremulous sigh floated out and was lost in the silent night.

Nature's high altar lights burned dim and were extinguished by the cold breath of the morning, while Baasha, the star prophet, lay prostrate upon the tiles of the palace roof. Consciousness came back like a bird through the darkness to his numbed brain, and with a long-drawn gasp he opened his eyes.

The day had dawned. Along the eastern horizon lay great billows of rose-edged clouds. The earliest sunbeams were casting a gentle radiance over the rugged hills and brown stubble fields, and lighting the myriads of gilded spikes upon the vast roof of the Temple into spires of flame. Slowly staggering to his feet he grasped the earthen vessel in his trembling hands and moistened his lips with its contents. The draught of cool water seemed to refresh and strengthen him. For a little while he rested, leaning against the buttress of the battlement, then gathering together the loose sheets of parchment that had fallen from his relaxed hand, he descended the outer stairway of the tower and crossed the court-yard. At this moment, a tall, dark-clad figure advanced from the opposite entrance and the two men met face to face. The restless eyes of the Jew were transfixed by the searching glance of the astrologer, compelled thereto by some strange influence he could not escape. Again the long, bony fingers held out the ring of Pilate, but Baasha heeded it not. His dark eyes held prophetic dreams in their luminous deeps.

“Go on thy way,” he said half aloud, half to himself. “Thy feet were set upon the path wherein they tread. Fashioned and molded for thy mystic work—devilish yet divine—thy name shall live through all the coming ages, symbol of treacherous greed, the strange, dark link betwixt a blessing and a curse!”

"Who and what art thou?" cried the Jew, in a faltering voice. Then, as though afraid to hear the reply, he added hurriedly: "But I may not tarry; I go to Pilate on matters of grave import to the State. Delay me not, I pray thee."

"Go on thy way," repeated the other. "I have spoken."

As the Jew hastened onward and disappeared within the spacious building, Baasha's weary feet were directed toward the house of his kinsman, Caiaphas, the high priest. Once he closed his eyes as if he would shut from his sight some dreadful vision, as he murmured, **Ascara! Ascara!**

CHAPTER IV.

"Well, what news dost thou bear?" inquired the Roman of his early guest.

"A tumult hath arisen, my lord, and the man Jesus of Nazareth hath been taken."

"So the thing hath been accomplished; this work was looked for earlier. All yesterday until the even I did watch for thee to bring me tidings."

"Caiaphas feared the multitude, it being the first feast day. I did commune with him upon the matter."

"Yea, verily thou didst," replied the other with a touch of scorn. "Yet thou didst call thyself a follower of this same Jesus not many days gone."

"I was tricked, befooled," answered Judas, a sudden dark flush staining his face. "'Twas for the sake of peace throughout the province and a love of the ancient faith, which was endangered by his heresy, that I consented, after much entreaty, to deliver him into the hands of those holding authority in such cases. Last night he lay bound at Caiaphas' house; this morning they bring him unto thee for judgment."

A cynical smile flitted across the lips of the Roman judge. "Truly, thou art a patriot! For the sake of the old faith thou dost break the new faith. We heartily approve thy zeal for justice, peace, and order. No doubt thou hast—or shalt have—thy reward."

Again a painful flush rose to the sunken cheek of the wretched Iscariot.

"What sounds are those?" asked Pilate, as the cries of an angry and excited mob were heard.

"They come! they come!" cried the Jew in terrified accents, a strange revulsion of feeling, strong and resistless as some great tidal wave, sweeping over him.

**The strangled.*

"Hear me, Pilate," he entreated hoarsely. "Keep him in bonds, scourge him—exile him!—but shed not his blood—'tis innocent! I swear by the living God, this Jesus hath done nothing worthy of death!"

"Thou art mad, Iscariot," quoth the procurator coldly. "As for this man whom thou hast betrayed, sold, and plead for, each by turns, I know naught of his offenses, which same do pertain to the jurisdiction of Herod, the tetrarch. Give me my signet, thou perjured puppet of an inconstant mind, and get thee gone!"

As Iscariot hurriedly drew from his pouch the ring and delivered it into the hands of Pilate, their palms touched.

"See!" cried the Jew, pointing to the red stain caused by momentary contact with the wounded hand of the Roman, "the mark of *blood*! Thou, too, art doomed and cursed, even as I!" and flinging the end of his scarf across his face, he fled from the presence of the man whose name and fate should be forever linked with his own—in the world's strangest drama and history's most pathetic pages.

"A superstitious fool," mused Pilate. "Yet altars and augurs have their uses among the rabble; mystery hath more effect than reason upon the dullard, a drop of blood from my pricked finger hath conjured up a vision of death and destruction in this fanatic's brain. There they come! I must dispatch these rioters unto the tetrarch and rid myself of this affair."

Gathering together his official attendants, the procurator hastened to the judgment hall where the excited mob had already collected and were clamoring loudly for an audience.

"What means this riot?" he inquired haughtily. For a moment the stately bearing of conscious authority silenced the angry imprecations of the furious crowd. Then Caiaphas justified them saying:

"We have brought unto thee this Jesus, a blasphemer who calleth himself that Messiah foretold by the prophets and who hath raised sedition throughout the land even from Galilee."

Now Pilate greatly desiring to be relieved of this matter made answer unto the high priest:

"It is lawful that this offender be examined before Herod. Take him unto Herod. I can not deal with him."

A loud shout arose among the multitude. "To Herod! to Herod! Let us away to Herod!" Among the motley throng, jostling, jeering and hooting as they moved on to the royal palace, there were two figures that kept close beside the prisoner. One was Malchus, the servant of Caiaphas; the other was the high priest's kinsman, Baasha, the star prophet.

"Malchus, I leave thee in charge; see that no violence be done. It is meet that I repair unto the Temple for a brief space, from thence I go unto Herod straightway. Bring the mob thither that there be no delay."

With these hurriedly whispered words Caiaphas detached himself from the crowd and bent his steps toward the Temple.

A dark figure started out from an angle in the wall as he passed and followed his rapid strides silently and unobserved. As he entered the Temple a slight sound behind him made him turn his head. The pale, anguished face of Judas was close upon him.

"Take back thy blood money! See, here are the thirty pieces! *I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood!*" he said in a hoarse, unnatural voice as he strove to thrust the silver pieces into the high priest's hand. But Caiaphas drew back coldly. The uncompromising, resolute rabbi revolted from this puerile display of vacillation.

"What is that to us? See *thou* to it. What thou hast done thou hast done. Begone!"

"Then share my curse!" said the miserable man as he cast the silver upon the floor and departed from the house of prayer with a malediction upon his lips.

* * * * *

Aroused by the din and tumult in the street, Abrokla started from her couch and gazed about her with frightened eyes. Dreams and reality seemed strangely blended to her half bewildered senses.

"Pilate, Pilate, what hast thou done?—ah, Zillah, is it thou? What sounds are those I hear? What's happened? I pray thee tell me straightly."

"Strange things indeed, dear lady," replied the little hand-maid. "This morning while you slept, they brought the Nazarene prophet unto the judgment hall; my Lord Pilate bade the high priest and those with him take the prisoner unto the tetrarch. Valerius says 'tis rumored that Herod hath sent him back to Pilate—listen! They are at the entrance now—how they rage and mock!"

"Would I could silence them, but alas, I am but a woman! Zillah, I have dreamed a dream—a fearful dream!—presaging direst evil to the nation and my lord. Seek him quickly, and bid him come to me, for I must speak with him."

"Nay, dear lady, be not affrighted; in the multitude of dreams there is vanity also, as the proverb goes. Thou didst have a fevered brain last night, perchance."

"Not so. The Lord of Hosts that spake by the mouth of

Miriam in the olden days hath shown strange things unto Abrokla."

"What shall I do? Pilate hath already gone to the judgment hall."

"Then woe and ruin unto me and mine," said the Lady Abrokla. "Zillah, thou hast been faithful, be faithful now. Go quickly and send this message unto Pilate. 'Abrokla whom thou lovest sends thee warning: *Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.*' Tarry not, I beseech thee, but bear these words without delay."

The little handmaid lifted her soft, dark eyes with doglike devotion to the face of her mistress as she answered, "Zillah will not fail thee; a faithful messenger shall do thy bidding; I'll find Valerius and charge him straightly with thy words."

"Go, go, and God speed thy footsteps."

CHAPTER V.

The sun's shadow on the stone dial in the court-yard had almost marked the sixth hour. The wind's breath swept gently over the ripening wheat whose yellow bearded sheaves held fast the morning sunshine, and over the bared barley fields where reapers and gleaners had lately been busy, for yesterday the first fruit offering of the barley harvest was made in the Temple.

The ripened fruit of the white mulberry and oleaster and the lingering blossoms of the almond, peach and orange trees exhaled a delicate fragrance in the morning air, and pleasant odors were wafted up from the dairy farms in the cheese makers' valley.

In the streets all was now tranquil. Only an occasional shout sounded from the hillside beyond the city wall, where a curious multitude had assembled to witness a triple execution. Three crosses cast their transverse shadows adown the sunlit slope of Golgotha; three writhing human victims impaled upon their ghastly forms were dying a death of torture which might be prolonged for days before life should be extinct. Toward the central cross the venom and vengeance of the spectators were directed chiefly. Scoffs, jeers, anathemas, and revilings fell upon the thorn-crowned Nazarene who suffered in the majesty of silence. Now and then a cry of anguished tenderness broke from the lips of some faithful follower of this Jesus and was mingled with the shrieks and groans of the tortured malefactors. The rank of servants of the high priest and the renown of the astrologer had readily gained for Baasha and Malchus foremost

places among the throng of spectators on the hillside. Both faces were upturned to that pale face on the central cross, suffering and patient. The dying eyes seemed to look down compassionately upon the multitude.

"Look," whispered Malchus, touching his companion. "Sawest thou ever a thing so strange? He is about to die! Verily, strange things are come upon us."

"Not yet, not yet," answered Baasha.

"Truly, this man hath more than the healing power; this morning when one of his follower, defending him, smote off mine ear, he touched me and straightway I was healed of the wound. Now he mocks the power of the king and cheats the torture. 'Tis marvelous!"

"Aye, thou shall see this day more marvels than ever before were done in Israel! Malchus, we are accursed from this day forth. The doom hath fallen on the house of Jacob! Israel's glory hath come and hath departed!"

Gradually, an awed silence fell upon the multitude. The atmosphere seemed to grow dense and oppressive, almost imperceptibly the lesser shadows on the hillside were engulfed in the deepening lines of the central gibbet. Northward to southward, eastward and westward, its shadows lengthened, widened, and darkened until its gloom encompassed earth and sky.

"It grows dark," said Malchus in a frightened whisper. "Let us away."

Even as he spoke the light waned so rapidly that it seemed twilight. Trembling and affrighted, many of the spectators were hurrying to their homes.

"Come away," cried Malchus once more. "May God forgive us! We have slain his prophet! See! The shadow of his cross hath darkened the world."

"Nay," answered Baasha, groping his way to the Nazarene's cross. "Lord, I believe! Mine eyes are opened and I see the light!"

At this moment the lingering rays of daylight were extinguished. The multitude dispersed rapidly as the darkness gathered.

"'Tis but an eclipse! What cravens these Jews be!" said a Roman soldier, pointing to the groups of hurrying figures fleeing toward the city.

Onward they hastened, groping their way and stumbling through the darkness. Onward, for they durst not look behind. Through the gloom, one thing only distinct and clear—the face of the dying Nazarene—white and accusing. And fear was on every soul.

* * * * *

Abrokla stood at the latticed window of the corridor and gazed down into the court-yard below. Her hands were clasped tightly against the stone ledge of the casement and her eyes were troubled and sad. The fountain gurgled a low accompaniment to the morning choral service of the birds that darted hither and thither through the sunshine, shaking tiny showers of spray from their wet wings. But Abrokla scarcely heard the murmuring water and the singing birds; she was listening intently to catch the sound of her husband's returning footsteps. It seemed a weary while to the waiting woman before her strained ears caught the tread of sandaled feet, approaching from the direction of the judgment hall. A moment later the curtains at the end of the corridor were lifted and the procurator entered. His face wore a harassed, care-worn expression, but his eyes were lighted by a smile of greeting as they fell upon Abrokla.

"Why, thou has brought two pale roses to welcome me, he said pointing to the pallid, anxious face. "Come, my white roses shall be exchanged for crimson ones in the palace gardens. To-day shall pay the dues last night did cheat me of."

"Nay, my lord, this is no time for dalliance. What tidings hast thou brought from the judgment seat? Oh! I have suffered much this day because of thee. Didst thou receive my message?"

"Yea; and I did all in my power to save the Nazarene, but it availed not. The people would not have it so."

"Thou didst consent, then, unto his death, scorning God's warning?"

"Not so; I offered to release him and deliver up Barabbas to them, but they would not. Then seeing no fault in the prisoner, I did wash my hands before the multitude saying: '*I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it.*' Then thy people answered and said, '*His blood be upon us and upon our children.*' So it was done. For thy sweet sake, gladly would I have saved the Jew, but 'twas impossible. Come, dearest, let us walk in the gardens and there forget all grewsome thoughts. My little wife, I'd have thee wear a smile in thy dear eyes."

"Alas! my husband, tears not smiles shall dwell beneath these lids. Thou dost not—canst not know my grief. Listen to me, Pilate. Last night I dreamed a dream, a dreadful dream—"

"What! Pilate's spouse a craven? What would the Roman ladies say? Nay, love, I did but jest. 'Tis womanhood's sweet quality to crave protection. Some say an extra bit of flesh or fowl does sometimes clog the wheel of thought within the brain, making it go awry. Some find omens and signs in the wild

caperings of unbridled fancy. In sooth, I know not. Opinions differ according to the mind and body of the dreamer. But tell me what thou didst dream."

"Nay, nay, I could not if I would. The Lord of Hosts hath shown unto his housemaid the doom that shall befall her people and her house. Ask me no more."

"Why, 'tis but a midnight fantasy. Fret not thyself concerning it. Ho, Valerius, what news?"

"The people are sore affrighted at the growing darkness and are huddled together like sheep. Judas, the Jew of Caryot, hath hanged himself in his garden and there is confusion on every side; many are saying 'tis because of this seditious prophet or whatever he be."

"Go to, thou garrulous fool!" cried Pilate, glancing uneasily at the terrified face of the Lady Abrokla. "Heardest thou never before of an eclipse of the sun? This obscuration of the light will soon be passed, and as for this Judas, a happy riddance of him."

But the sudden pallor of the procurator belied his confident words.

"I tell thee, Pilate, the wrath of God is on us. Destruction shall surely come upon Jerusalem. Fire and famine, exile, ruin, death—mine eyes have 'held a vision of what is to be—all these shall come upon my people. And oh, my husband! I did behold my house left desolate unto me, and I mourned alone in a far land and there was none to succor."

A cry of unutterable despair broke from the lips of the woman as she wound her arms about her husband as though to shield him from some impending danger even now. At this moment a low sound like that of distant thunder was heard, accompanied by a very faint but perceptible wave-like motion of the earth. An instant later there came a fearful crash and total darkness enveloped them. Shrieks, groans, prayers, curses rent the darkened air and mingled with the din of falling timbers and shattered masonry. Clinging together in the darkness, husband and wife sought to whisper words of cheer and encouragement to each other, but the ominous silence within the palace and the mysterious darkness around them grew more intolerable each moment.

"Let us try to find our way to the outer court," suggested Pilate, but Abrokla's trembling limbs refused to support her.

"Do not leave me!" she entreated. "I can not stir—what is it? I can not feel your hand—oh! I am falling—dying, my beloved—save me—hold me—ah!" And with a long-drawn sigh she lost consciousness and lay as one dead.

CHAPTER VI.

Three years had elapsed since the fateful day of the execution of the Nazarene.

The remarkable story of the Resurrection found little credence among orthodox Jews or skeptical Romans whose policy it was to entirely ignore it. There were many, however, being converted to the new faith, and the official authorities throughout Judea foresaw, though they were loath to acknowledge it, that the marvelous powers ascribed to certain of the apostles, together with their purely spiritual doctrines and blameless lives, were steadily gaining upon the people. To-day as Pilate sat in the antechamber of his official residence at Cesarea, pondering upon the complex political conditions of the country and upon the dangers and difficulties that were threatening him on every side, he was sorely perplexed. As he reviewed his course he tried to convince himself that all those measures so obnoxious to the oppressed people, and which he had so strenuously carried out, were absolutely necessary to maintain the sovereignty of the empire over the province.

As for personal emolument, surely a man has a right to set a value upon his services. This was certainly legitimate. Yet there were enemies about him. Suppose he should be called to Rome to answer accusations brought against him by some envious slanderer? How in such a case could he vindicate himself? How could certain inaccuracies be explained? Unauthorized increase of taxation, too lavish expenditures of the treasury on public works* and various other things of the sort? The train of thought into which he had fallen was harassing and it was with a sigh of relief that he gave a sign of assent to a page, who bore a message from Baasha, craving an audience. As the astrologer entered the apartment something in his appearance sent a thrill of apprehension through the consciousness of the procurator.

"I have come to give thee warning," said Baasha, waiting for no preliminary greeting as was the custom.

"Of what?" asked Pilate, trying to smile.

"Danger," replied Baasha calmly. "The Samaritans have accused thee before Vitellius and thou art to appear before the Emperor; these things know I of a surety." At the mention of the Samaritans a deadly pallor spread over the face of Pilate.

"Pilate does not fear to face the Cæsar," he said proudly.

*See "Josephus."

caperings of unbridled fancy. In sooth, I know not. Opinions differ according to the mind and body of the dreamer. But tell me what thou didst dream."

"Nay, nay, I could not if I would. The Lord of Hosts hath shown unto his housemaid the doom that shall befall her people and her house. Ask me no more."

"Why, 'tis but a midnight fantasy. Fret not thyself concerning it. Ho, Valerius, what news?"

"The people are sore affrighted at the growing darkness and are huddled together like sheep. Judas, the Jew of Caryot, hath hanged himself in his garden and there is confusion on every side; many are saying 'tis because of this seditious prophet or whatever he be."

"Go to, thou garrulous fool!" cried Pilate, glancing uneasily at the terrified face of the Lady Abrokla. "Heardest thou never before of an eclipse of the sun? This obscuration of the light will soon be passed, and as for this Judas, a happy riddance of him."

But the sudden pallor of the procurator belied his confident words.

"I tell thee, Pilate, the wrath of God is on us. Destruction shall surely come upon Jerusalem. Fire and famine, exile, ruin, death—mine eyes have held a vision of what is to be—all these shall come upon my people. And oh, my husband! I did behold my house left desolate unto me, and I mourned alone in a far land and there was none to succor."

A cry of unutterable despair broke from the lips of the woman as she wound her arms about her husband as though to shield him from some impending danger even now. At this moment a low sound like that of distant thunder was heard, accompanied by a very faint but perceptible wave-like motion of the earth. An instant later there came a fearful crash and total darkness enveloped them. Shrieks, groans, prayers, curses rent the darkened air and mingled with the din of falling timbers and shattered masonry. Clinging together in the darkness, husband and wife sought to whisper words of cheer and encouragement to each other, but the ominous silence within the palace and the mysterious darkness around them grew more intolerable each moment.

"Let us try to find our way to the outer court," suggested Pilate, but Abrokla's trembling limbs refused to support her.

"Do not leave me!" she entreated. "I can not stir—what is it? I can not feel your hand—oh! I am falling—dying, my beloved—save me—hold me—ah!" And with a long-drawn sigh she lost consciousness and lay as one dead.

CHAPTER VI.

Three years had elapsed since the fateful day of the execution of the Nazarene.

The remarkable story of the Resurrection found little credence among orthodox Jews or skeptical Romans whose policy it was to entirely ignore it. There were many, however, being converted to the new faith, and the official authorities throughout Judea foresaw, though they were loath to acknowledge it, that the marvelous powers ascribed to certain of the apostles, together with their purely spiritual doctrines and blameless lives, were steadily gaining upon the people. To-day as Pilate sat in the antechamber of his official residence at Cesarea, pondering upon the complex political conditions of the country and upon the dangers and difficulties that were threatening him on every side, he was sorely perplexed. As he reviewed his course he tried to convince himself that all those measures so obnoxious to the oppressed people, and which he had so strenuously carried out, were absolutely necessary to maintain the sovereignty of the empire over the province.

As for personal emolument, surely a man has a right to set a value upon his services. This was certainly legitimate. Yet there were enemies about him. Suppose he should be called to Rome to answer accusations brought against him by some envious slanderer? How in such a case could he vindicate himself? How could certain inaccuracies be explained? Unauthorized increase of taxation, too lavish expenditures of the treasury on public works* and various other things of the sort? The train of thought into which he had fallen was harassing and it was with a sigh of relief that he gave a sign of assent to a page, who bore a message from Baasha, craving an audience. As the astrologer entered the apartment something in his appearance sent a thrill of apprehension through the consciousness of the procurator.

"I have come to give thee warning," said Baasha, waiting for no preliminary greeting as was the custom.

"Of what?" asked Pilate, trying to smile.

"Danger," replied Baasha calmly. "The Samaritans have accused thee before Vitellius and thou art to appear before the Emperor; these things know I of a surety." At the mention of the Samaritans a deadly pallor spread over the face of Pilate.

"Pilate does not fear to face the Cæsar," he said proudly.

*See "Josephus."

"Tiberius knows what service I have done the State—but let that pass. I thank thee, Baasha, for informing me of this matter and I would crave one boon of thee. 'Tis this: Should aught go wrong with me in Rome, comfort my wife."

"My creed doth teach me to render service unto all that are distressed; verily I will do all within my power to aid her."

"Thy creed?" said Pilate in a questioning voice. "Ah, yes I do remember now, thou art an Essene."

"My creed is—Jesus, the Son of God!" answered Baasha reverently, "I am a follower of the crucified Christ."

"Fain would I be, also. But I seem the puppet of some moving show going whither I know not," muttered Pilate sadly.

Just then a servant announced the arrival from the governor.

"'Tis come," said Baasha. "Farewell, may God's peace rest upon thee," and the astrologer departed as the procurator broke the seal of the package which was presented and beheld his fears confirmed.

"Attend to the refreshment of the governor's messenger and send the Lady Abrokla to my apartments straightway," he ordered in a calm, clear voice, as he withdrew.

* * * * *

"I am come in answer to thy bidding; what need hast thou of me?"

There was a tone of unutterable sadness in the voice of Abrokla as she addressed this question to her husband.

The soft folds of her white robe fell in graceful lines about her slight figure, displaying now and then brief glimpses of slender ankles and tiny sandaled feet. A string of costly pearls gleamed amid the luxuriant waves of her dark hair, which was arranged after the Jewish fashion. An atmosphere of truth and purity seemed to exhale from her very presence and as Pilate looked upon her a mist arose before his eyes. All the love of a selfish, exacting nature was bestowed upon the woman before him.

"I must leave thee," he said hoarsely, scarcely able to articulate the words. "I am accused—ordered to Rome," and he held out the mandate of Vitellius. "Baasha will care for thee; follow his counsel. Here, take this key," he continued, holding toward her a small silver key. "If aught befalls me, open the ivory casket; thy wilt not find thyself a beggar."

But she put her hands behind her and shrank back proudly. A sudden light—you could not call it color—seemed suddenly to illumine her face strangely. It was like a flame burning within an alabaster vessel and it lent a wonderful, spiritual beauty to the woman.

"If thou must go, then I will follow thee; if danger threatens I will comfort thee; if aught befall thee I will share thy fate! I love thee and am thy wife! Now God deal with me in his wrath if aught but death part thee and me!"

"What am I that such love should crown my life?" said Pilate humbly. "Base and unworthy, yet a peer of any king since thou art mine! I would not dread the Stygian darkness with thine eyes to light the way! But we must hasten. Two hours hence we must set out upon our journey since fate will have it. Go; prepare thyself and the little lads and may thy God protect thee!"

CHAPTER VII.

"What! ho! friend Sextus, whither away! By the sword of Mars, I have not set mine eyes on thee since the day of the great riot! How wags the world with thee?"

"I am neither taller nor shorter than when thou last saw me," replied Sextus dryly. "But hast thou not heard the news from Rome?"

"News? What news? Out with it quickly, man," questioned the garrulous Flaccus eagerly. "Since the death of Tiberius I have not had the use of mine ears to hear aught but his praises sung."

"Caligula hath banished Pilate."

"Oh ye gods! Pilate the Proud banished! Ha! Ha!" and Flaccus laughed triumphantly. "How the world goes round! Pilate banished! 'Tis passing strange to think upon. Where hath the Cæsar sent him?"

"Into Gaul. The Hebrew woman went with him, taking their two sons. 'Fortune is fickle' as the saying goes. Well, I may not tarry longer. I must be off."

"Tell me—wait, I pray thee—"

But Sextus was out of earshot and Flaccus was left alone.

* * * * *

Far away upon the banks of the river Rhone the exiles who had once enjoyed the favor of the world's most pompous court were domiciled within an humble cottage. Poverty and sorrow had dimmed the eagle glance of Pilate, and an expression of hopeless misery pervaded his whole being. The death of the two brave little lads had been a crushing blow to the parents, but the shadow of a deeper grief than bereavement lay on their hearts.

With the subtle, unerring instinct of womanhood, Abrokla felt that some mysterious but impassable barrier had arisen

between her husband and herself. No hardships borne for his sake had seemed a sacrifice to her sense of sacred love and wifely duty. But now, she, his chosen companion—his wife—felt herself neglected, shunned—despised perhaps—and her proud spirit quailed.

"How can I bear my life?" she murmured sometimes, but the fullness of time was not yet come.

One day as she stood meditating sadly upon the changes that had been wrought and thinking of that future which had been so strangely foreshadowed to her, she was startled by a sudden footstep beside her. Looking up she beheld the melancholy countenance of the once imperious Pilate. A flush mantled her cheek and brow and throat for it was long since he had thus sought her.

An eager look of welcome shone in her eyes as she stretched out her hands toward him. But he waved her back.

"Touch me not," he said sternly. "This day we part forever!"

There was the silence of death between them for a moment, then Abrokla spoke:

"Now by the faith of thy soul, answer me truly. If thou hast ceased to love me, then 'twere my shame to dwell beneath this roof. If thou art weary of me thou shalt see my face no more. Naught else can break these bonds; I am thy wife."

"Tempt me not," he cried hoarsely. "Thou dost not know the loathsome thing I am; every hope of immortality would I barter for the right to kiss thy lips once more, to touch thy hair, thy hand, but 'twere pollution—I am accursed!"

"Nay, nay thou art my husband—that is all I know."

She drew nearer, but he shrank back with a gesture of horror.

"My worthless life is done! Forgive the misery I have brought thee and depart—I am unclean—a leper!"

"God do so to me and more also if I desert thee in thy need! I'll never leave thee while God gives me breath!" She would have wound her arms about him, but all the latent nobility of his nature asserted itself in this last supreme moment.

A swift gleam of steel flashed in the sunlight and the leper fell dead, a Roman dagger sheathed in his broken heart.

One long low cry of agony burst from the lips of the woman as she fled—whither she knew not—away from the accursed spot.

* * * * *

Many years later when the plague raged in Gaul, and all within the city of Vienne were filled with fear and dread, and

many lay smitten by the dread sickness, a woman—a stranger and a Jewess—went from house to house ministering unto the dying, bearing the balm of sympathy unto the living. None knew her name and many marveled greatly. At last she came no more and then they knew the plague had fallen on her. So grateful ones sought for her throughout the city until they found her in a wretched hovel, alone and dying.

"Tell us thy name, dear lady," they questioned her, "that we may write unto thy people concerning thee."

"When I am dead," answered the dying woman, "send these tidings unto my kindred in Jerusalem: 'One who was weary hath found rest.'"

"Thy name!" they whispered gently, thinking her brain was fevered. "Whom shall we say thou art? How shall we call thee, whom we love and honor so?"

A smile illumined the dying eyes as she whispered: "Pilate's wife." And when she died it was done accordingly and there was great mourning among the people.

Pauline Carrington Rust.



THE SONG OF THE PINE.

I SING with my face to the sky,
Aloft, where the winds blow free ;
I hold a note of a realm remote,
The sound of a far blue sea,
Where the clouds, like shadowy isles,
Gleam white in the golden day,
And glow with a hint of a sea-shell's tint
As the sunset lights turn gray.



I sing with my face to the sky,
In the still, moon-flooded night,
And the cloud-isles float, in a haze remote,
Like veilings of silver light.
The myriad stars pass on
With smiles from their shining eyes,
While falleth the dew, the whole night
On the turf where the violet lies. [through]

I sing with my face to the sky,
As the isles gleam rosy red,
Their mantle of mist, by the sun-god kissed,
Is a tangle of golden thread.
A bird in the shade below
Stirs soft from its drowsy rest,
As a quivering ray from the dawning day,
Steals down to the leaf-hung nest.

I sing to the far off hills,
To the brook in the ferny glen,
But I sing to you, poor tired hearts, too,
In the sad, dark homes of men.
Oh! suffering souls, be strong!
The sorrows of life pass by ;—
A strange, fair thing, like a brooding wing,
Bends low, from the blue on high,
And under that wing, one song I sing,
My face to the sky.



Mary Riddell Corley.

THE PERSONALITY OF GEORGE ELIOT AS RE- VEALED IN HER HEROINES.

A PERIOD of doubt is not favorable to the production of a great work. In the intellectual life a stage of intense conviction marks the production of a *chef-d'œuvre*. Such works breathe a spirit of impassioned belief in a profoundly cherished philosophy of life. In the works of an author whose earnestness we respect we look unconsciously for this ideal, whether it be religious or philosophical. We feel, if we do not find it, that, however rich the work may be in intellectual subtleties or exquisite in artistic finish, it lacks that personal quality which alone makes it of value to us. We stand aside and applaud or condemn, but there is no thought, no purpose, which we assimilate into our inner life. This is especially true of the modern novel. Writers like Shorthouse, Hawthorne and George Eliot have raised it from its despised place as a mere love story to make it a medium for the expression of social and philosophical theories. Realizing its dramatic possibilities they proclaim their message to us from the lips of the beings whom they create.

Foremost among metaphysical novel writers stands George Eliot. She has given us books instinct with vital human truth, and the children of her brain, once known, thenceforth dwell with us forever.

All great minds are typical of the age which produces them. George Eliot was a woman of her century, egoistical, morbid, full of unrest, thirsting for freedom of thought and action, loving all beautiful things and sensuous pleasures. She never forgot herself. Her unconscious egoism permeated every word she ever wrote. Her heroines, through whom she spoke most earnestly and thoughtfully, always betray that it is George Eliot who stands before us in their guise, whether it be of the fifteenth century or the nineteenth. Whether we look upon the simple Methodist preacher, in her severe purity; upon Romola, a stately Tuscan lily outlined against the dark background of Florentine politics; or upon Maggie Tulliver, a deep-red English rose; in each we find the impress of George Eliot's personality and the lesson of her life. We must admit that the portrait is marvelously idealized. We can not accord to the woman the homage which we willingly pay to the strength and purity of the created character. One is half tempted to believe that George Eliot described herself as she would be, endowing herself with all the qualities of mind and person which she longed for and lacked. The almost morbid persistence with which she dwells upon per-

sonal beauty can not fail to suggest her own unlovely resemblance to the eagle beak of Savonarola. Though in many respects the spiritual gulf is as wide between herself and that band of ideally fair women she has caused to exist for us, we yet find in this constant suggestion of character a potent urging of her belief.

She was pre-eminently a painter of women. A careful study of her works leads us to believe that upon her heroines she lavished the greatest care and loving study. Through them she expressed her highest and dearest beliefs. True, we feel that they often fail as artistic creations. How could even a woman so large-souled and sympathetic as George Eliot fail to sometimes offend our finer sense in pulling to pieces the delicate flower of a woman's soul and using the fragments to illustrate a social theory? Still no other writer has apprehended so clearly the essence of womanhood. A man sees the woman merely as the complement of his sex. This woman saw her as a fellow-creature, with passions, possibilities and powers. Without a word of formal protest against the narrowness of her countrymen, she claims liberty and justice for her sex. Living in the latter part of the "woman's century" and in what we may venture to name the "woman's country," we hardly realize how cramped and starved the lives of women once were. George Eliot's youth was spent in struggle against this narrowness, and in her maturer years she set Dorothea before us, to stand as an immortal protest against the social system which taught men to despise women for their inability to use freedom, while it deliberately sought to render them unfit for it. Was there ever a sweeter soul than Dorothea? The memory of that life revives in our thoughts like a delicate fragrance. In her noble nature, striving, erring, yet triumphing over self and sin, we see "the woman-soul leading us upward and on."

The great need of George Eliot's nature was love. She could not stand alone, trusting in her own strength. As she shows us Romola guided by Savonarola, or Gwendolen, her will subject to Deronda's, so she herself was completely controlled by the will and opinions of her friends. *Aequam servare mentem* was a lesson she never learned. If, as some one has said, "the mind of man has this much of sealike, that it takes its colors from the skies beneath which it lies," it has this much of sealike as well, that its tides and surges respond to the call of one fixed law, regardless of all else. If this spiritual law be misunderstood or unheeded the result in the workings of that brain and soul is chaos and confusion. George Eliot's ideal of life and art did not suffice to frame this law. Her want of firm religious conviction deprived her of sustaining force. Without

belief in a personal God, she had nothing left but her self-faith, and her self-faith faltered. Strong of intellect, but weak of will, she looked to her friends for strength and guidance. Therefore, behind her heroines, as behind herself, stood always the support of another's will. Strong, sweet, helpful as they may be, they lack self-reliance. They must be sustained by the approval of some one whom they love. At the heart's call they rise and follow. To all other claims they are deaf.

The religious element was strong in this woman's nature. Baptized and educated in the Church of England, she was familiar with all the modes of thought and expression common in that communion, a familiarity to which her works testify. Although she renounced her belief in its dogmas, although "her faith had center everywhere, nor cared to fix itself to form," she never lost her sense of respect for Christianity. She testifies to her own earnestness by the belief she shows in the sincerity of others. Believing the basis of religion to be emotional, not intellectual, she sets her heroines to work out their life-ideal by the aid of the old dogmatic methods. Instead of making them mediums for the expression of rationalistic ideas, she tells us, through them, that "speculative truth is but the shadow of individual minds," and that "the truth of feeling is the only universal bond of union." She would not cheat herself with what she believed to be fables. She bravely faced the logical conclusions of her reason. Her faith in an underlying moral law disregarded dogma, which she considered merely as its husk. Although she mistook that law in her self-will, although her own womanhood was marred and debased by that error, we must yet acknowledge her conviction that she was acting in accordance with right. Nevertheless, we fancy that in her secret soul she yearned for the peace of the faith she had lost, and gasped for breath in the rare air of intellectual heights.

So we learn the lesson of a life which, however stained by one act of self-will, was in other respects one of toil and self-sacrifice. Devotion to duty, adherence to the path of right, however thorny, this was all the creed George Eliot knew, and this is what her heroines teach us. She loved for itself alone the thought of "faithfulness unto death"; she could not bring herself honestly to expect the promised "crown of life." She tells us that purity and truth are lovable for their own sake, and that selfish happiness is not worth the seeking. "Sorrow and suffering are to be regretted only when they have proved too severe to be borne. The question is, not how happy men and women have been in this world, but what they have made of themselves."

Marie Hepburn Benton.



ALONE.

TWO molecules of matter can not lie
So closely side by side that space will not
Divide and separate them through all time.
The same sad fate envelops every human soul !
It is alone forever and alone !
The aim and object of our waking hours,
Both conscious and unconscious, seems to be,
To flee the awful horror of the doom
Of personal isolation.
Behold two lovers 'neath a tree whose boughs
Are reaching out to other lonesome trees.
What is it brings these two from out the mass ?
It is the longing to escape from self
Into some other self, whose sympathy
Shall know us as we are and would be known.
In vain ! 'tis all in vain ! we are alone !
We tread the routine of our ceaseless needs ;
We leap into the busy mart whose din
Of bargain, gain and loss benumb the brain ;
We steep ourselves in books of learned lore ;
We speed in restless travel o'er the earth ;
We struggle for renown and power and place,
Or drown the senses in mad Pleasure's cup.
We beat our breasts and cry aloud on God ;
We fight, we laugh, we suffer and we die,
And all is to forget—*we are alone.*

Edwin Milton Royle.





MARS BOGAN.

MARS BOGAN, Ise come to wuck de gayrden."

The old negro man who had bowed respectfully and given the morning greeting was tall, scrawny and knock-kneed; thin scraggy whiskers fringed his very black face, which was lighted up by large moon-shaped eyes that had a peculiar yellow-

ish light in them. The brass rings which he wore in his ears gave something of the wizard to his appearance.

The boy addressed as Mars Bogan looked around the flower garden. It was early March, but the faint, sweet odor of the violets was detected and the cowslips were beginning to blow. The crocuses that bordered the mounds encircled rows of single white hyacinths, and the blue-jay was shrilly calling *jay, jay, jay*. The robins were twittering and singing in the tender young leaves of the tulip-poplars that stood above the flower beds. The air was balmy and the sunshine warm, but still Mars Bogan hesitated.

"It seems early to plant the vegetables," he said.

"'Early!'" Uncle Rasmus' tone was deeply contemptuous. "Mars Bogan, hain I been plantin an wuckin dis gayrden fore eber you was born? Did yo pa eber plant his taters or corn widout sultin ob Rasmus whether he done hearn de firs crow holler? Did Mars Henry or Mars John eber go fishin till Rasmus tell em dat it hab thundered and the sarpent hab turned over? Don you heah dem jay birds hollerin an see dem robins jumpin up in dem ar limbs? Dat means hits time to wuck de gayrden. I ain makin no gret miration bout what I does, do I sholy knows de signs ob spring. When I lef home my ole yaller dog wa a-lyin stretched out a-dreamin an de rheumatiz has lef my foot nigh onto three weeks."

Mars Bogan repressed a smile and asked: "Don't these signs ever fail, Uncle Rasmus?"

The old negro's eyes deepened to a color that was almost firelike. "'Fail!'" Hain I been plantin what ought to come up on de light side of de moon and what ought to come up on de dark side fourteen years fore you cut yo eye teeth? Mars Bogan, yo pa ain ever distrus Rasmus, no mo yo two bros."

"Well, I can't help thinking that it's early to plant the garden, but I know very little about it, so I will let you have your way. Heaven knows we need early vegetables this year if ever."

"Yas, Mars Bogan, dat what Rasmus been thinkin ob; you don know nothin bout beans an taters, bein begaged all your life wid books, an Rasmus know how yo pa an yo bros dey trusted him."

"Not another word about my brothers, Uncle Rasmus."

"La, Mars Bogan!"

"I mean it. They are all right now. I sometimes wish I were in their place."

"Chile, you don know what yo talkin bout. Wishin you was in de place ob de dead, an dey a-layin in de gayrden! Wan to bre'k de missus heart morn tis now? You hain forgot yo ma's words when tothers was brung home, has you, when she said, 'Bogan, you's my only son now?'"

Mars Bogan's sudden silence warned Uncle Rasmus that it was wise for him not to say any more on this subject, even to the boy that he had loved and petted from his childhood. So he walked quietly by his young master's side as he led the way to the kitchen garden. This was a large enclosure surrounded by a wooden fence. A small cedar grove stood in the center.

"Come in, Uncle Rasmus," said the boy, "and look at the vines, as they'll have to be pruned first."

"Um-m; dayarn tech em now. Sap's up too high; buds ready to bust. Ef you fool wid dem ar vines yo'll have no grapes dis year. Now dese raspberries need trimmin an thinnin."

"Well, I'll leave this to your own judgment. You can begin your work right away if you want to."

Uncle Rasmus lifted a long spray of raspberry vine and began fastening it to the fence, while Mars Bogan made his way across the rough ground to the clump of cedars. Tall and dark they stood as sentinels over family graves. Some were the graves of those who had died years ago. The marble slabs that surmounted their brick walls were black with age, the crosses and lambs very antiquated, and cedar-needles had drifted into the deep cut inscriptions.

But two graves were new, only broad planks surmounted their walls, and no inscription recorded that here John and Henry Braxton slept side by side. There was a single spray of white hyacinth at each grave head; Bogan knew that his mother had placed them there that morning.

He sat on a small rise of ground and looked steadfastly at

the graves, then through the dark green cedars to the patch of blue sky overhead, which a bird darkened for an instant in its flight and left clear again.

From the garden he heard Uncle Rasmus' deep bass voice singing:

"Who buil' de ark? Noey, Noey. Who buil' de ark? Noey, my Lord."
and ever and anon the grotesque figure of the old negro came in sight.

Uncle Rasmus had followed the fortunes of the Braxtons for over sixty years, had rejoiced in their prosperity, and was



not the man to desert them in this cruel time of war. He was almost their sole reliance, this superstitious, ignorant old man, for all the other negro men had been coaxed away, or had themselves run away, since there were no crops, and Mrs. Braxton had said that she could not feed them any longer.

The sight of Uncle Rasmus, shambling and failing, seemed to Bogan typical of the family fortunes. Here was his mother who needed his care, and here was the army which needed men. He seemed to be acting cowardly either to go or to remain. He had fought this question over every day for weeks, and now had come out here to settle it, with these graves before him, with the

waste fields on every side, not where he could hear of war and long to join it, not where he could see his mother in her calm endurance of grief, but where these graves would plead equally the cause of home and the cause of country.

But a conclusion to-day seemed as far off as ever, and while he was still debating the question, he was started by the whiz of a stone through the air. He started out to see what was the matter, and found his favorite rooster strutting off indignantly, while Uncle Rasmus was in the act of picking up another stone.

"What do you mean, Uncle Rasmus?" he cried, seizing the old man by the arm.

"Lemme go, chile," he remonstrated. "Yos flyin straight in de face ob distruction. Don you know dat if dat rooster crow near de house hit means death? An I know by de way dat he hel his comb dat he was gwine to crow"—and another stone followed in the direction of the first.

Uncle Rasmus evidently scented danger. He had taken out his "conjur-ball" and was swinging it from side to side, shaking his head doubtfully. "De ball is shakin to de west, Mars Bogan," he said; "dar's danger in dat d'rection."

"Uncle Rasmus, you're an evil prophet. If I believed all your signs I should look for bad crops and death and destruction in less than a minute."

"Yes, and dar it come," said Uncle Rasmus.

Mars Bogan looked and saw a man wearing the Confederate gray riding towards the back gate.

"Open the gate, will you?" he called. "I shouted myself hoarse at the front."

Bogan felt a strange thrill at seeing some one from the seat of war. He started to the gate, but Uncle Rasmus seized him by the arm. "Mars Bogan," he cried, "yo hain forgot de signs an how de conjur-ball say dah was danger in de wes, hab yo? Don go, honey, let him stay outside."

"Let me go, Uncle Rasmus," cried the boy. "Do you think I believe in your signs and your conjur-ball? Let me go, I say," and he tore himself free and rushed to the gate.

The soldier rode in and Bogan helped him put up his horse.

He was from the very heat of battle, and Bogan in his excitement could scarce listen to his news. Forrest's men were doing good work, he said, but volunteer troops were needed to meet the enemy at other points. He did not state that his object was to raise them, but Mrs. Braxton knew it, and listened quietly when after dinner he asked her boy why such a big fellow as he should not be fighting for his country. Her calm, strong

face was unmoved as she heard his arguments and watched her boy's face glow with ardor and longing, or grow pale at thought of his duty.

That night, after the soldier had gone, they sat for a long time talking. Bogan told his mother about the garden, which, as the young master of Forest Hill, he was superintending for the first time that spring, and he laughed at Uncle Rasmus' peculiarities.

Then they were silent with that uneasy silence which falls



when each person knows the other's thoughts and hesitates to speak of them. Presently Mrs. Braxton arose and came to her boy. She pushed back his golden hair from his high, calm forehead and stroked it gently.

"Bogan," she asked, "do you want to go?"

"Oh, mother!"

"I am your mother, child, but I had forgotten it in thinking of myself."

He took her hand and kissed it, shaking his head, but she went on: "I named you for my family, and you know what it is to be both a Bogan and a Braxton. When you were little I

prayed that you would be worthy of the name, and I have no right to take away your chance for doing brave deeds. I have feared that you would go, my boy, but I have also hoped it."

"But, mother, you will be all alone."

"Never mind that. There are hundreds of women who are alone. You don't want your mother to be less brave?" As he hesitated, "Besides, I have Uncle Rasmus and can send for Cousin Ann Tyler and her son. They will be glad enough to come."

So Bogan yielded to his heart's fondest wish, and the brave woman gave up her child.

As he rode away, looking so young and slender, Mrs. Braxton trembled, but the courage and enthusiasm of his face reassured her. She watched with all the fondness of a mother's heart her gallant boy wave his hat to her before he turned the bend of the cedar road, and the kiss that he threw her never grew cold.

Spring came on apace and ripened into early summer. Uncle Rasmus worked the garden as his signs and conjur-ball dictated, and Mrs. Braxton busied herself with all the work of charity and love that a woman in those troublesome times could find to do.

Bogan contrived to send her letters often, not infrequently by the recruiting officer. In the glad, exulting spirit of a boy he described the army and army life. He liked it all. His officers, companions of the mess, and even picket duty were delights to this young soldier. They had only had some little skirmishes with the Union men as yet, he said, and in them he had taken some prisoners and had been once promoted.

One day the officer came again. "I am on the lookout for new men, Mrs. Braxton," he said. "We need any one who can fire a gun now. There's going to be sharp fighting soon. Middle Tennessee is full of Yankees. They keep dropping down upon us, heaven knows where from. But here's a note from your son. He flung it to me just after breakfast, when he found that I was coming. Didn't have but a second to write you in, he said."

Mrs. Braxton took the note and read: "Love to my mother. We are going to have some pretty work soon; perhaps next Thursday. God bless us both, mother."

"Where is this fight going to be?" she asked the soldier.

"At Murfreesborough, I think, ma'am, that's what they say. Your son's at Wartrace now, and they're looking for the Yanks 'most any time. I should say we'd meet about Thursday."

"And it's Monday afternoon now. How long does it take to ride from here to Wartrace?"

"Three days and a half's hard riding, ma'am, not counting stopping."

"Are there enemy on the road?"

"They're everywhere, ma'am. But goodness, Mrs. Braxton, you aren't going, are you?"

"No, I should be out of place in camp, and besides there are too many dependent on me here."

"But you mustn't send for your son. He's as true as steel and may lead us on yet."

After Mrs. Braxton had assured him that she would not send for her son and had written a note in answer to his, the soldier left, promising to stop at Uncle Rasmus' and send him to her.

After reaching Uncle Rasmus' cabin, which was set apart from the other negro quarters, and knocking for some time without receiving an answer, the soldier pushed open the door and entered.

He found the old man sitting in an arm chair smoking sturdily. His long plaits were unbraided and the ends of two drawn through his brass earrings. He was keeping off the "evil spirits," and no amount of threats or persuasion could induce him to leave the security of his cabin for the dangers of outdoor darkness. He promised to see Mrs. Braxton in the morning.

True to his word, he appeared before his mistress and explained the cause of his not coming.

"Yes, Uncle Rasmus," she said gently, "I should not have sent for you, but I was worried about my boy. There's to be a fight at Murfreesborough next Thursday, they say, and Bogan will be in it. I don't want him to fight without a friend near by and I can not go myself. Won't you go, Uncle Rasmus, and—perhaps bring him home?"

The old negro stood fumbling with his hands. Presently he said: "Yo know, missus, Rasmus'd do anything for you, but—dis here goin out ob nights, an hit's a long way to de battle place."

But Mrs. Braxton had thought of a place for Uncle Rasmus to spend every night, and it ended in his going.

She expected him back by Tuesday morning at the farthest, but Tuesday passed, and Wednesday. Still there was no sign of Uncle Rasmus. Thursday morning Mrs. Braxton despaired of going calmly about her duties. As she stood on the front portico looking down the cedar road, she felt a touch upon her arm, and, turning around, saw Uncle Rasmus kneeling beside her.

"Missus," he sobbed, "I didn bring Mars Bogan home."

"How did you come, Uncle Rasmus? How is my son? Tell me everything!" cried the mother with white lips.

"I come roun by de back way," he answered. "I wouldn't be de bearer of bad news to anybody else, missus, but I knows yo won hate Rasmus."

"How is my son?" gasped Mrs. Braxton.

"Don be onpatient wid Rasmus an he'll tell yo everything. I ain agwine to scribe de journey, how I see rabbit-tracks ober de firs crossroad I come to and had to go way roun to fin anorrer,



how I hear dat de Yanks was chasin roun in dem parts an was mos scared to death dah! I jis tell yo bout de camp and Mars Bogan. When I rech hit I ask whar Mars Bogan was and dey pint me to de officers' camp an say dat he ober dah, an dar I fin him. At firs he look anxious like an say, 'Unc Rasmus, is anything de matter wid mudder?' I tell him no, an han him yo note an watch im read it. He do look mons'rous fin in he uniform, missus, but when he turn roun an say, 'Welcome to camp, Uncle Rasmus,' I think he luk lik a prince. He took me all roun an showed me everything when he warn busy, but he wa mosly

begaged, dey all bein on de lookout constant fo de Yanks. De nex mornin when dey was waitin I hear som ob de officers talkin mong deyselves. Dey was mosly writin letters home an Mars Bogan wa writin one to yo, an one ob dem say, 'Dis'll be a nameless battle an dey's too many for us, but we'll fight for all we's worth, boys.' Hit warn morn five minutes arter dat fore dey hear dat de Yankees was comin, an yo arter seen dose men buckle on dey swords. Mars Bogan he rid up to me an gim me dis letter an he say, 'Unc Rasmus, yo take care ob mudder if I die now,' an fore God he voice sounded lik cryin, but he eye luk as ef he gwin kill em all. I ain membrin bout de battle. De ebil spirits wa sho loose dat day. I tuk down my hair an drew it thro my yeah-rings an try to smoke em off; but warn no use. Our men was bein beaten an I see em dri' em back an runnen togerrerr lik beans in er bag. Pres'ny Mars Bogan rid up. He turned roun so's I could see he face. It was black wid powder an dah wa bullet holes in he hat. He come mos to de tree whar I sot, but 'e didn see me. When de men was mos ready to fly he shouted, 'Rally roun de flag,' holding it up so. Den dey all rode off togerrerr.

"When de battle was ober I went back to fin de camp, but dere warn no camp dah. I walk all de way to Murfreesborough, whar I hear some ob de soldiers was in de hospital.

"I say to Colonel Taylor, de officer wha talk bout de nameless battle. He wa talkin to de men an I ask im ef he knows anything bout Mars Bogan. He say, *no*; dat after de battle was ober he wen back heself an luk all ober de fiel, but didn't see nothin ob im. Den he praise Mars Bogan an say as how he had done a glorious deed. An he gim me dis sword to bring yo. He say Mars Bogan tuk hit from a Fedral officer mor'n a month ago at Le Vergne."

Mrs. Braxton took the sword and drew it from its scabbard. She noted its keen edge, the stars and stripes carved on its side. On a card about the hilt Colonel Taylor had written: "You are mother to a hero."

Mildred Overton Mathes.



LOVE SONG.

[AIR, SPANISH DANCE.]

I HAVE dreamed a silken vision,
As I held her soft white hand ;
As I whirled through mazy measures
In a far off Southern land.
I have seen her tiny foot-prints
On the sunny Gulf-kissed shore ;
I have heard her balmy whispers
As she taught me lover's lore.

She's the gayest in the garden,
She's the leader in the dance.
She is like the slender ribbon,
On a Spanish senor's lance.

She is all my loving hopes for,
She is subtle as a sigh ;
I can feel a thrill of summer
If she simply passes by.
She is like the tall white flower
That grows in Mexic's lands.
She is sweet as happy showers
Dancing over golden sands.

She's the gayest in the garden,
She's the leader in the dance.
She is like the slender ribbon,
On a Spanish senor's lance.

If I meet her I shall kiss her,
Hold her dainty hand in mine.
If a question I should ask her
Would she answer, "I am thine ?"
While her eyes grow dark and tender,
And her lips will tremble so ;
And her warm heart softly blushes
Answer on her brow of snow.

She's the gayest in the garden,
She's the leader in the dance.
She is like the slender ribbon
On a Spanish senor's lance.

Sallie Margaret O'Malley.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



O speak of "Lord Tennyson," or "Baron Tennyson," seems a profanation. As the simple, plain "Alfred Tennyson" a man child was born, who as "Alfred Tennyson" gilded the nineteenth century with his glory. As "Lord Tennyson" he has done little more than give the world some echoes of himself, indicative mainly of their own feebleness. "Locksley Hall," and "In Memoriam" needed no stamp of queen, or prince, or potentate to make their pure gold visible, and the rank was but "the guinea's stamp," put upon the precious metal when all the world had recognized it. By the grace of God he was true poet and king of men long before the queen's grace had made him baron. He was no tinsel lordling of the stage, this lord by right of intellect.

It is necessary to consider this man in this twofold light. Perhaps it may be well to show the young how much the knight-hood given by an empress can belittle one who has the accolade of Heaven on his heart. The sword of steel whose light touch on his shoulder made him Baron Tennyson could not be so soft, so gentle, so divine as was the sunbeam which God's angel used in making him a knight of Heaven's court.

If to be loyal to all good impulses and responsive to all melodies of nature makes the true knight of a man, he was indeed more than a baron, for he was a gentleman, which many barons could not be. If simple modesty adorns a man, he wore most royal robes. If genius is a crown, he was in truth a king. The paltry decoration given him was dross before his finer spirit, and the world of intellect and thought which loved and honored him looked on it as a shameful degradation.

So in all kindness and all tenderness we speak of Alfred Tennyson. A knightly soul was his, which loved to dwell on noble things and scorned all baser matter. His pen was like the shining lance borne by Ithuriel, which brought into true shape all things it touched. It bore no malice and it knew no falsity. Heaven tipped it with a smile.

Alfred Tennyson will live mostly in memory by three poems, all written long ago. Baron Tennyson wrote none of them. No one has ever equaled, no one can ever surpass, "In Memoriam" in its own peculiar line; "Locksley Hall" is the finest lyric

poem in any language, and the songs in "The Princess" are but echoes of the most exquisite melody to which they fit as grace notes do in music. Of these three, any two were well enough to stamp the man a wizard of his century. In all three of them he has embodied the spirit of his time, the same unquiet, unresting and yet unhasting spirit which Goethe foresaw—"Ohne hast, aber ohne rast." It is the spirit which works slowly as the leaven in the bread, but works unceasingly.

Three men came before Tennyson who were in some sort his teachers. Not that they were his only teachers. Nature herself was his life-long mistress and heaven gave him love for her, and all the poets of the past gave pabulum to nurture his young soul. Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, Dante and the troubadours, all nourished him. As has been well said by a great critic: "If, to change the figure, I might imagine the great poets of the language pouring the contributions of their genius into one golden chalice, I should call the poetry of Tennyson a delicately tinted, exquisitely refined foam mantling on the top." But to these three men more than to all others he owed his inspiration.

First and foremost of them was Coleridge. The dreamy metaphysics of this man seems to underlie and permeate all the work of Alfred Tennyson, as the faint, impalpable odor of the spring precedes and presages a budding of the rose. Where Coleridge has lacked color Tennyson has given it. Genevieve finds its echoes in Claribel and is humanized in "Airy Fairy Lilian":

"Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian;
Like a rose leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian."

The stately measure of the elder poet is lost in the eagerness of the young singer; but the same passion, the same introspection coupled with a warm devotion to the ideal of his soul is ever present. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a man to whom the most abstruse philosophy was a thing of daily meditation, but to whom there never was a moment when the rising sun of sentiment shot not its morning glow athwart the heavens. With a mind which, like the sky, bended above the whole world, his soul was given to us in the blush of dawn and in the parting smile of sunset. Deep and profound his soul was; tender always; open to the smallest ray of love which came to visit it; yet never did it cease to hear the surf beats of eternity which came with sullen whispers to the shores of life. And never did it fail to voice their mutterings.

So in Tennyson, everywhere, we hear this distant sighing of the sea. The sunbeams may sparkle on the spray, the zephyrs may whisper to the billows, but the waves come and break upon the shore, and we who stand afar off must listen to their sighing. In all that he writes, in all that he dreams, there is unrest, disquietude. There is never a time when we can forget the "Break, break, break on thy cold gray stones, oh sea!" There is not a poem of all his many glorious verses in which we do not "sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." The white foam of his mighty spirit and the sweet sunshine which makes rainbows in its spray will not—can not—take away the sadness of the undertow. Its every drop is salt as a tear, and its pulsings throb on every shore.

But the sadness of Tennyson was a speculative melancholy rather than a practical grief. Says he :

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the fields and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
The only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream."

His was indeed "a most sweet and tender melancholy; a sadness that doth draw from the soul more ills than it inflicts." There is in his works no trace of misanthropy, no lack of love, no flavor of that

"Poor, proud Byron—sad as grave
And salt as life; forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave."

though there was somewhat of "Burns, with pungent passions set in his eyes."

Indeed, it is a matter of astonishment that so little influence should have been exerted upon the young poet by Lord Byron, whose fame was at its zenith when Tennyson began to write. Byron wrote in a misanthropic age—at the time when the man of fashion who had not seduced somebody's daughter was hardly eligible to membership in any club of gentlemen. And the fine lady who had had a pure and blameless life pretended to a wickedness she had not known to be in fashion with her friends. The pretense of virtue was laughed at; the pretense of vice was accepted politely, even though disbelieved, as a right and proper concession to the mandates of society.

Upon this stage of action stalked Wordsworth—dry but decent. With his prosy old peddler he led people through an

interminable "Excursion" that hardly any one in these days attempts to read. And Hogg had high moralities of divers kinds, and Samuel Rogers wrote verses on the backs of bank notes along with calculations of the interest, and Southey simmered out a kind of Laodicean soup, not hot nor cold, but lurid sometimes with a drop of burning alcohol. Behind the scenes the mandolin of little Tommie Moore made very pretty music.

To all this everlasting asininity of mummied pretense and Miss-Nanced prettiness the voice of Byron came in protest. He hissed the play, and chased the actors from the stage. The eggs he used were somewhat stale, and none of them would make the breakfast table smell the sweeter by their presence. He only voiced his day and generation. He waked from sleep one day and found Fame waiting, with the sunlight, at his door. The strong meat of his wickedness gave sustenance more than the tea and wafers of his predecessors. So they held up their hands in holy horror of him. But

"The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled! The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them as they go."

The reaction from an assumed virtue which did not exist gave to Childe Harold and Don Juan and Manfred a power which they do not have in this, our day and generation. Byron is as little quoted now as Wordsworth or Rogers—even almost as little remembered, outside of female seminaries, as Cowper.

But the intellect of the nineteenth century was abloom. From the shadow of Plato the grand soul of Samuel Taylor Coleridge threw violets; Percy Bysshe Shelley breathed life into the white marbles of Praxiteles; and John Keats kissed all humanity, his lips sweet with the honey of Hymettus. The one of them gave to us a philosophy which bloomed beside our daily walks and kept its springtime sweetness all the year. The one of them made statues speak, and in his modern Pantheon placed marble forms whose touch thrilled from the finger tips into the heart's remotest sanctuary. And one of them brought down blue skies, and made them part of earth, and, with its vernal buds, made playthings for the souls of men. Earth is the better for their lives, and heaven for their deaths.

Following these men, and moved by them, came Alfred Tennyson. From the bitterness of Lord Byron he recoiled, just as Lord Byron had recoiled from the shallowness and false pretenses of the age before him. To the philosophy of Coleridge, to the subtlety of Shelley, to the idealism of Keats, he clung. They knew him not, and yet they were his teachers.

In life and death he did them credit. Perhaps he learned something, also, from Lord Byron, just as the youth of Sparta were taught sobriety by being shown the conduct of their drunken slaves. He had his sorrows, but the good God made them sweet within his soul.

So when Coleridge slept with his fathers, and poor frail Keats had sought a refuge underneath the sod of Italy, and Shelley had been washed—a lifeless corpse—upon the shore, and Byron with slow fever had departed from the earth in Greece, there seemed a pause in literary life. And then came Alfred Tennyson, unknown and unconsidered. But sixty-three years ago he wrote of the queen, now living :

“ Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife and queen:
And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.”

This seems like a prophecy when we consider that Mr. Gladstone has just introduced the Irish Home Rule bill. But beyond this he went. There was no madness in his methods: there was no stain upon his poetry. He wrote not as the poet laureate of the queen, but as the poet of humanity. The breath of the wind that bends the heather, the light of the sunbeam that kisses the crocus, and the sigh of the autumn blast that scatters the thistledown, are always present in his lines. After the lurid literature before him, it was wonderful to hear one say :

“ Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.”

With that verse a new era in poetry was opened. The sweet sadness of a pure soul was given a forcefulness that it had never known before. The breezy hillside and the sighing wind were made to sweep across the pages of his book. Love and sorrow—twin sisters—were brought face to face, and standing side by side outfaced misanthropy and lust. The dawn was stronger than the darkness.

After this there was but one great poet in all England. At first people looked with some wonder and more distrust upon

this daring aspirant for fame. They soon found, however, that there was in him—this unknown man—

“A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle pated counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride:
A courage to endure and to obey:
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway—”

As poet laureate he was forced to write much that was unworthy of him. The birth of princelings and the death of dowagers must needs be celebrated in his verse. Such verse was unworthy of the poet, and none of it was poetry. It was written by one who was made “Baron Tennyson” by the queen, but his real poetry had given him nobility by the consent of all the world, and this was but the tinsel to his courtier’s dress.

To the young he was always young. “The Talking Oak” and “Dora” and “Walking to the Mail” will charm young people while the English language lasts. The “Lotus Eaters” will always be a study to the idealist—the more their study will be, the more occasion will there be for love of it and wonder at its marvelous perfection. And the “May Queen” will appeal to every heart. The disappointed youth will find revenge against all fancied ills in “Lady Clara Vere de Vere” and “Maud.” Romance is in his “Idyls of the King” and sentiment is in his “Miller’s Daughter.” Excepting Keats’ “Eve of St. Agnes,” nothing can be found so sweet and gentle as this verse from that poem:

“It is the miller’s daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear:
For hid in ringlets, day and night,
I’d touch her neck, so warm and white.

“And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right
I’d clasp it round so close and tight.

“And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce would be unclasped at night.”

And so, too, the "Gardener's Daughter" comes athwart our vision. A dream that none of us, no, not the oldest one of us, would willingly forget,

"For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fit it back she stood.
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side; the shadows of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah! happy shade—and still went wavering down,
But ere it touched a foot, that might have danced
The green sward into greener circles, dipt,
And mixed with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood a sight to make an old man young."

In none of these quotations can we find a trace of Byron or his school. They are sweet and pure. They show nothing of the hothouse, but much of the hillside and the daisy. There is no mark of "Manfred" or of "Faust" upon this poetry. It is closer to Keats, it has the aroma of his sweet sensuousness. There are some touches of "Hyperion," more of "Endymion," and "Isabel;" but above all there is the suggestiveness of this:

"Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide;
No uttered syllable or woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain and die, heart stifled in her dell."

In that wherein Keats most excelled—in that purity which absolutely became exuberant in its chasteness; in a spirituality so refined that at times it seemed to look upon itself with some suspicion—in all this, Tennyson is most unmistakably Keatsean. He is not an imitator but a disciple. No; Alfred Tennyson sought to imitate no man. He was thoroughly original, but his very originality was composite. His mind was like "a dome of many-colored glass" through which there came a light soft and rich and tempered to a gorgeous glow more beautiful than strong. Never from him do we have the fierce glare of the desert nor the gleam of the tiger's glance; rather does he invite us to shady bowers where roses bloom and the eyes of doves look welcome into ours. A fruitful soul, indeed, was his, and in all things a

gentle one. Much has he given to the world, yet never wrote he any harmful word. Of cheer, of inspiration, of hope and faith, he wove a tapestry of poetry which shall for many centuries be marveled at. Time will not fade its colors, nor can it be soiled by use. Long will it be before another weaver can be found who shall produce such marvels with his loom.

More than any other man, has this man understood the genius of his century. Its recoil from what had gone before ; its unrest, its hunger of the soul, its stern rebellion when the mailed hand touched it and its quiet response to gentleness, all come in music from the harp strings which he touches, and in all his melodies "the chord of self" trembling as it must have been with all the sweet suggestiveness that life and nature bring to such a soul, "passed in music of sight." He was not a politician nor a bigot. Neither his party nor his church could ever be known from any line he wrote—he was a poet pure and simple, and yet, charmed by the magic of his verse, Freedom, which "of old sat on the mountain height," came down to breathe upon the new mown hay, and cheer the fisher lad, and make the farmer's boy more merry as he plowed the glebe, and those who listened to his song heard of the Holy Grail, and sweet Saint Agnes, and Saint Simon on his pillar. His grand soul was catholic in all things. Truly was he a high priest of nature, after the order of Melchizedek, the King of Salem, and the gospel of his life was peace.

An article the length of this can do scant justice to this man ; a hint here, a suggestion there, a morsel of his ambrosia quoted now and then, may lead some eager youth up to the foot of this Olympus. Farther than this no hand can lead him. If the fruit of Heaven were not sweet upon his palate, he will go no higher. If the rocks appal him and the laurels seem too far away, he will not care to climb. One does not sit at ease among the gods who has not learned their ways ; and those who followed Socrates into the field to hear his golden speech were not the sophists or the scorners. I have taken here and there some sunbeam from the rippling surface of his nature, and let it flash across these pages. If you love its glow you will not be content.

Truly no man has understood Tennyson who has not wondered at the deep philosophy of "Locksley Hall," and wept upon the mighty monotone of "In Memoriam." The lyric of love is one of them, the other is the apotheosis of friendship. One is a white cloud in the sky through which the lightning quivers at its will ; the other is the slow pulsation of a true and faithful heart, bound to the earth but plodding on through life, to death and resurrection. The unrest of a boy is in the one, beautiful but

uncertain of itself—the calm and holy confidence in Jesus Christ breathes through the other. For a thousand years to come men will shrine both these poems in their hearts and ask of God that he will make their hearts more worthy shrines for such sweet relics. To have known these poems is a liberal education; to have loved their author brings consolation for his death.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

J. Soule Smith.

MOONRISE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

LIKE vested monks, the somber trunks of cypress stand,
Grim warders they of secrets old,
That swamp and wood and river hold,
Nor the moonbeams wooing, nor the zephyrs suing
From them shall ever gain one word
Through all the nights mist-blurred,
In which they keep, while others sleep, their vigils grand.

Above the bank of willows rank, a mellow light
That melts the cloud-mists hanging high,
And sifting all between the branches darkly green,
Brings out in soft yet clear relief
From darker stem each frond and leaf
Who only seem to idly dream away the night.

In splendor bright of orange light upbreaks the moon;
Across the river's tide there gleams
A broken path of amber beams;
And through each ragged reft of cloud she threads a weft
Of silver bars and weaves for Night
A brilliant robe, star-jeweled bright;
To duller shade of gray will fade all this, too soon.

Lindsay Allan Edwards.

"H O W D Y, cap'n, 'light an' come in."

Jabe Lakin, landlord of the village inn, postmaster, justice of the peace and storekeeper, extended the welcome to a young man who was clambering down from the buckboard on which the tri-weekly mail journeyed to and fro between Tannville and the nearest railroad station, eighteen miles distant.

"Been travelin' a right smart spell, ain't ye?" he continued, taking up the newcomer's valise and leading the way into the roughly-built log structure whose ample roof sheltered postoffice and store, as well as accommodations for the occasional guest.

"Only from Atlanta, to-day," was the reply. "I've come out here to get a breath of your mountain air, and I also thought that I might get a shot at a deer; I'm told they are still to be found in this neighborhood?" this last interrogatively.

"They useter be a right smart o' deer in the mountings, an' ther' mought be a few yit but"—with a suspicious glance at the gun-case carried by the other—"f I was you, I wouldn't go a-climbin' 'round 'ith a gun, Mister—what mought I call ye?"

"My name is Westcott," replied the young man. "Why shouldn't I carry a gun?"

"I ain't namin' no names, Mister Westcott, an' I reckon ye knows yer own business, but I took you-all for a stranger in these parts an'——"

"So I am, just that," interrupted Westcott. "I live in the North and I have been to Florida on a business trip. I came up here from Tifton with the idea of getting a few days of rest and recreation; can you take care of me for a week or such a matter?"

"In course we kin," replied Lakin, evidently reassured by the straightforward manner and frank bearing of the stranger. "I reckon we kin make ye comf'table, but 'f I was you-all, I wouldn't hunt no deer; 'tain't 't all likely ye could found any nohow."

"That's quite possible," said Westcott, laughing. "I'm not much of a sportsman, but I still can not understand why I shouldn't carry a gun if I choose to."

"Well, mebbe they ain't no good reason, an' then agin, ye mought meet up 'ith some folks as 'd be more neighbor-like if ye didn't carry one."

"O ho, that's it, is it?" rejoined the young man. "Then, I

suppose I'm to understand that I've stumbled into a 'wildcat' district, where I may be mistaken for a revenue officer; is that what you mean?"

"As I said afore, I aint namin' no names an' I done said nare a word 'bout wildcatters." With which remark Lakin showed his guest to a room, and telling him to make himself at home, returned to the store, where the unopened mail-bag, surrounded by a little knot of curious loungers, claimed his attention.

Pressed to give a plausible reason for his choice of this secluded village in the Alabama mountains as the scene of a holiday, George Westcott would have found himself somewhat at fault. An ardent lover of nature in her picturesque moods, a student of human nature to the extent of finding a keen satisfaction in observing the peculiarities of unfamiliar types, and having no more definite object in view than the opportunity of enjoying for a few days an unrestricted indulgence of the less practical side of his character, he had left Atlanta that morning with the intention of forsaking the railway at some point from which he could procure conveyance into the mountains. This was afforded by the buckboard of the mail-carrier at Tifton, and only waiting to be assured that he could find accommodations at Tannville, he mounted beside the mail-carrier and was soon deep in the enjoyment of the freedom, so rare in the life of a busy man, which comes only with complete isolation from those twin disturbers of the peace of mankind, the railway and the telegraph.

On the morning following his arrival at Tannville he set out for a long tramp into the mountains, telling his host that he might not return until evening. Choosing a rough cart-road leading up to the higher levels, he was soon out of sight of the village, and an hour's brisk walking in the crisp, invigorating air brought him to a turn in the road which commanded a magnificent view of mountain and valley. Throwing himself down on the short grass by the roadside, he took out a field-glass and adjusting it, began to study the scene in detail, becoming deeply absorbed as the glass brought out new beauties of the landscape.

Shortly after Westcott had left the village a tall, lank mountaineer, clad in homespun, strode up to Lakin's store. His grizzled hair and beard hinted at an age which was contradicted by his erect, soldierly bearing and clear, keen eye. Swinging the long rifle which he carried from his shoulder to the ground, he stood leaning against the door-post until Lakin had finished waiting upon a customer. As the latter left the store Lakin came to the door and accosted the newcomer:

"Mornin', Cap'n Byars; ye're down the mounting right soon this mornin'; no news, is they?"

"I dunno 'bout that thar," replied the old man, cautiously. "I done met up 'ith a young feller a-totin' a spyglass up the mounting a spell ago, an' I 'lowed mebbe you-uns mought know suthin 'bout 'him."

"Oh, I reckon he's all right," answered Lakin; "he's a kind of tooryist; says he come up here to git a breath o' mounting air an' sich like."

"Mebbe so," rejoined Byars, "but what fer's he projekin 'round 'ith them thar glasses? He caint do no better breathin' 'ith them, I reckon."

"N-o," assented Lakin, "but ye know might nigh all o' them tooryists has spyglasses."

"So has the rev'nuers, an' I 'low I'll jess keep an eye on that thar young feller o' yourn fer a little spell; I 'low hit won't do him no harm, if so be he's all right," and the old man shouldered his rifle and walked away up the road in the direction taken by Westcott.

And so it happened that while the latter was lying on the soft grass, kicking up his heels in the very luxury and abandon of a freedom from restraint unknown since his boyhood, fate, in the person of a grim, elderly mountaineer, rifle in hand, was approaching him so silently that Westcott was unaware of his presence until, having leisurely finished his observation, he looked up and saw the old man standing over him.

It is no imputation upon the courage of the young man to say that he was startled. Usually sufficiently ready in speech, this sudden appearance of an armed man, in a spot where he had fancied himself entirely alone, was disconcerting enough to confuse him for a moment, and the sharp eye of the mountaineer noted this, setting it down to conscious guilt. Half covering Westcott with his rifle, he ordered him to get up—a command which was obeyed rather reluctantly.

"Now, young feller, I 'low ye'll jess pass over yer weepens, handles fust."

"I have none," said Westcott, beginning to have an inkling of the situation.

"No triflin'," said the old man, sternly, bringing the rifle to bear full upon his prisoner, who had by this time quite recovered his equanimity.

"I have no weapons about me," he repeated. "If I had, you'd be entirely welcome to them until you are satisfied that I am not what you take me to be."

The old man looked puzzled for a moment, and then ordered

Westcott to hold up his hands. The command was obeyed with a smile, and Byars easily satisfied himself that his prisoner had told the truth.

"I cain't be-plum sure yit," he said, musingly, after a pause; "ef I hadn't jess caught him in the act, like, 'ith them thar spy-glasses—," then, turning to the young man, "I reckon you-uns 'll have ter go 'long 'ith me tell we gits better known t' one nuther."

Westcott acquiesced; indeed, there was little choice, and when he reflected that his detention would be but temporary, and that it would give him an opportunity to see something of the folk-life of the region, he went not unwillingly. After they had trudged along in silence for some time, he sought to engage the old man in conversation, but Byars was taciturn, after his kind, and soon the increasing difficulties of the steep mountain road made talking impossible.

It was nearly noon when, after devious windings and many steep ascents, the rough road, now little more than a bridle-path, came out into a small, sheltered pocket, far up on the mountain. A few acres of dwarf corn, inclosed by a zig-zag rail fence, comprised the homestead of the mountaineer, whose rough log cabin was the only habitation in sight. In the open space between the two rooms of the cabin, which served the double purpose of hallway and open-air kitchen, two women were preparing the noonday meal. Neither of them evinced the least surprise as Byars came up with his prisoner, nor did the old man offer any explanation further than to remark that he had brought them some company.

Motioning Westcott to a seat on a settle, Byars took the younger woman aside and said a few words in an undertone, the purport of which was evident, for it seemed to Westcott that the girl was taking a mental inventory of him while her father was speaking. She was strikingly handsome, without being beautiful according to accepted standards; a full, well-rounded form, suggesting rather the symmetry of the athlete than the more graceful curves of youth, a self-contained poise of the head which seemed to be an inheritance from the grizzled old man at her side, a clear skin, sun-painted to a tint harmonizing well with the lustrous eyes; straight, black brows, meeting with scarcely a perceptible break over a nose purely aquiline, lips a shade too thin and the chin a trifle too square, yet both according perfectly with the other features; a face betokening vigor, determination and strength of character, without the loss of a certain sweet womanliness in mobility of expression, she brought vividly to mind the mental picture Westcott had formed of the Judith of Holy Writ.

When her father ceased speaking, she went into the house, followed by her mother, and the striking contrast between the two women was almost enough to make Westcott question their relationship. The elder was tall, thin, and angular, with the pasty skin, defective teeth, thin, colorless hair, and expressionless face of the typical Cracker. From between her lips protruded the end of a snuff-stick, the sight of which was new enough to the young man to be exceedingly disgusting.

When they were out of hearing, Byars said: "Mebbe you-uns ain't usen to we-uns' ways, but I cain't do no dif'rent, leastwise not tell I kin be right shore—"

"Never mind the excuses," interrupted Westcott, good-naturedly; "I can stand it, but I am curious to know how you will go about it to satisfy yourself that I am not a revenue officer."

"I 'low I don't thess rightly know, 'ceppin you-uns mought help me."

Westcott took a card from his pocket and handed it to Byars. "If you will write or telegraph to that address for a description of George Westcott," he said, "I think the reply will satisfy you."

"I 'm bleegeed t' ye," said the old man, "'an' 'tween whiles I hopes you-uns 'll be tol'ble comf'table, on'y I 'low ye won't try fer to run, 'kase my Nan has her orders an' she kin thess hit plum center ef she 's 'bleegeed ter."

Westcott's hearty laugh, as the ridiculous side of the affair suggested itself, together with the thought that he was a prisoner with a girl for a jailer, brought a twinkle of admiration into the sharp eyes of the old mountaineer. "Ef so be you-uns air a rev'nuer," he said, "yer a mighty cool un; they's a many on 'em as wouldn't come 'ithin shootin' range o' Pent Byars' place 'thout'n a posse behint 'em; they shore wouldn't."

After dinner, Byars disappeared, and Westcott was left to the companionship of the two women, both of whom regarded him with a sufficient degree of suspicion to make his position uncomfortable, but he endeavored to accommodate himself to the surroundings, and his frank, good-natured attempts to draw her into conversation finally thawed the reserve of the older woman who, contrary to the usual taciturnity of her class, might have been a gossip but that garrulity could not find the wherewithal to subsist upon in that lonely spot; Nan kept aloof, for the possibility of her father's suspicions being well-founded made her feel that she could deal better with Westcott if she did not become familiar with him, but as the afternoon wore away she, too, was won over, and her half doubt of the

sincerity of the young man's story gave place to a conviction that her father's surmise was wholly at fault.

It was a memorable day to the girl whose whole life had been spent in the isolation of this mountain cabin. As she listened to Westcott's stories of his travels, in which the most trivial incidents became marvels to her, and when he touched occasionally upon his home life, painting with a delicacy which was entirely thrown away upon Mrs. Byars, the scenes in which he lived and moved, a vague longing came to the young girl, making her wish for—she scarcely knew what, only her present life seemed suddenly to have grown narrow and pinched and starved.

In one of these home turns of his talk, she said, "Is you-uns got ar yister?"

"Yes," replied Westcott, "I have two, one who is yet a child and another about your age."

"Does they favor you-uns?"

"The elder does—so people say—though I never could see any great resemblance; she is the genius of the family and has all the accomplishments; we are very proud of Mabel." And he went on, innocently enumerating the gifts and graces of his sister until there was indelibly impressed upon Nan's mind a picture of the girl, whose very existence seemed mythical and unreal in its wide difference from her own.

"I wisht I mought be liken her," she said. There was an eloquent light in the great dark eyes as she spoke, and the face turned toward Westcott was beautiful for the moment with the light of intense earnestness.

"You!"

There was something almost contemptuous in the abruptness of the exclamation; the contrast between this handsome, ignorant mountain girl and his sister was so sharp that he spoke hastily and regretted it the next moment, as he saw the softened expression die out of the face of the girl before him.

"I ax yer pard'n," she said; "I didn' mean no wrong an' anyways, hit cain't hurt her none," and thereafter, though Westcott tried to make amends for his rudeness, she would not be drawn again into the conversation.

Mrs. Byars, however, was by no means so reticent and, excepting upon the subject of illegal whisky, Westcott was soon in possession of the simple history of the family, including the story of the hitherto unsuccessful suit of a young mountaineer, who wanted to marry Nan. At the first mention of this the girl left the room, and the restraint of her presence being removed, the old woman grew quite confidential.

"Jeff Minter air thess the likelies' young feller in these mountings, an' 'ceppin he mought be a leetle ontidy 'bout his'n clothes, I 'low they ain't 'nother sich 'n in these yere parts; but Nan's some cur'is 'bout hit, she air, an' she 'low she thess nachelly don' favor him none."

There arose in Westcott's mind a picture of the girl, with her gracious natural gifts and strength of character, wanting, if he read her aright, only the opportunity to rise above her surroundings, mated with this man who was, no doubt, her inferior in everything but what was due to environment, and there was an indefinable repugnance in the thought of such a fate for her. The thought annoyed him a little, and he tried to shake it off as Mrs. Byars continued:

"Jeff, he's orl bruk up 'bout Nan, an' swars he 'll git her yit, but she's mighty sot in her ways an' hit seem thess like nobody cain't druv her," and the old woman filled a corncob pipe and lighting it with a coal from the hearth, began to prepare the evening meal.

The following morning Westcott began to wonder how he could employ himself during the interval which must elapse before Byars could hear from his friends. There were no books in the cabin, and as he could see that Nan was watching his movements, and he did not care to give her unnecessary trouble by wandering far afield, he confined himself to the limits of the inclosure. Returning from a walk around the corn-patch, he met Nan crossing the passage-way and stopped her.

"I think I know what your orders are concerning me," he said; "will you take my word that I will not try to escape while you are held responsible?"

"I reckon I can trust you-uns," she replied, "but I'm afeard they's them as won't."

"Whom do you mean?"

"'Tain't only paw; they's others, an' since the rev'nuers shot Jim Buckley they-all has been watchin' fer a chainece t' git squar 'ith 'em."

When Byars came home, late that evening, he was accompanied by two men. Westcott was shown to the room across the passage, and as the door closed behind him the rattle of a hasp and the click of a padlock told him that he was a prisoner for the night. Going to the single window he found it closed by a heavy wooden shutter, and having made sure that the door was fastened, he resigned himself to the situation with what philosophy he could muster, still deeming it impossible that anything serious could befall him. In the glimpse he had caught of Byars' companions, there was nothing alarming, but in the

person of one of them he fancied he could recognize Nan's admirer, if only from Mrs. Byars' allusion to his untidiness.

There was evidently a conference going on in the other room, and for a long time Westcott sat listening to the subdued murmur of voices. He could hear no word of what was said, however, although he once went the length of trying to climb into the loft under the roof, which extended across both rooms and the passage.

At length the voices ceased, and he heard the three men leave the house. In a few moments the shutter swung noiselessly open and Nan's face appeared in the window. "You-uns kin go ter bed," she said in a low voice, "they ain't no danger fer to-night."

"There should be no danger at all for me, Nan. I've done nothing to merit the ill-will of these men."

"I reckon you-uns hain't, an' paw he reckon so too, but hit seem like he thess *cain't* make Jeff Minter an' Sam Ande'son b'lieve hit. Oh, Mister Wes'cott, is you-uns right shore 'at paw 'll git a letter f'om you-uns' kin?"

"Why yes, Nan; there's no reasonable doubt of it," replied Westcott, touched by the emotion in the girl and her evident anxiety for his safety; "would you be sorry if he didn't?"

Nan did not reply, but the tears glistened in her eyes as she turned hastily away and closed the shutter.

"And they want to marry her to that ruffian," mused Westcott, as he heard the door of the other room close behind her. "Why, with ordinary advantages she would become the peer of any woman I know. By Jove! I believe I'm half in love with her myself, and that won't do at all."

The thought of his mother, to whom the outward refinements of life were as her breath, came to him almost like the reproach of her living presence; assuredly, it would not do at all, and yet —

George Westcott was by no means a romantic young man nor one to whom the charms of rustic beauty would appeal overmuch. He was rather a type of the product of the modern treadmill of business life; shrewd, thoughtful and practical, and withal old enough, or at least indifferent enough to matters of sentiment, to be able to consider a question of the affections in its practical bearings upon his life. Like most young men, and old ones, for that matter, he had his ideals of wife and home which he meant to realize some day, but they had not varied from the social standards by which he had always been surrounded and guided. What need, therefore, for him to consider the possibilities of the present case? A simple, ignorant mount-

ain girl, who could scarcely talk intelligibly, whose father was a law-breaker—or worse—and whose mother was a garrulous old woman without a spark of refinement or womanly grace,—surely, it was a thing not to be remotely thought of, much less considered as a possibility.

And yet Westcott was but a man ; which term, stripped of all the masks and trappings of civilization and culture with which we are wont to disguise it, becomes a synonym for much that is not to be easily understood, if examined only through the colored glasses of education and artificiality, or measured by standards which apply rather to the outward shell of environment and training than to the inward entity whose very existence is often unsuspected until circumstances reveal it, and some such revelation of the forces underlying the ordinary motives of life came to Westcott now, as his reason strove to set the question aside as one too inconsequent to deserve serious thought : above and beyond all argument arose a desire to possess this girl for what she was ; to rescue her from the debasing associations of her present life ; to endure, if need be, the taunts and gibes of his world for her sake ; a desire which—though he did not realize this—was based principally upon isolated proximity and the subtle influence of the conviction that Nan loved him.

Time dragged rather slowly with Westcott during the next three days, and he was beginning to wish very ardently for the arrival of the letter which he felt sure would release him. Byars was away nearly all the time and when at home he avoided any reference to the circumstances which had made Westcott his involuntary guest. Mrs. Byars was loquacious enough, so much so that Westcott often wished she would give Nan a chance, but the latter was very reticent since the interview at the window, and try as he might, he could find few opportunities of speaking to her save in the presence of her mother.

The confinement, too, was irksome, for while Nan accepted his parole without question and made no effort to restrict his movements, he had an uncomfortable conviction that some of the others might not be as considerate as Byars, and, being naturally averse to becoming a target for an ambushed enemy, he did not wander far from the house.

One day he found Nan turning over the leaves of an old spelling book, which she endeavored to hide as he came in.

"What is it, Nan?" he asked, kindly, taking the book from her unwilling hand.

"Hit's an old un't I found in a lot 'o things 'at paw got down at Tannville ; I 'lowed mebbe I mought larn to read outen hit."

"Is it possible that you can not read?"

"I hain't never had no chaine t' larn."

"You poor girl! Won't you let me teach you while I am cooped up here?"

"I 'low hit's too late fer me to begin now."

"Not by any means; just see here now, how easy the beginning is," and sitting together at the rude table, they were soon deep in the mysteries of Nan's first lesson in English. When Mrs. Byars came in two hours later she found them with their heads together, poring over the old book and so far oblivious of their surroundings that they were not aware of her presence until reminded of it by the clattering of utensils as she swept up the hearth.

After this, Westcott's confinement became less wearisome and all Nan's spare time was spent over the old book. It was a dangerous pastime for the young man, in view of the conclusion he had reached on the night of the conference. As he grew to know the girl better he found that his first hasty estimate of her character had erred only in falling short of the truth; her mental grasp was equal to the hardest task he could give her, and with all her strength and self-will, she was still so teachable and womanly, looking up to him with the gentle deference which is the subtlest flattery to the least egotistical of men, that he sometimes found it very difficult to keep in view the abysmal social differences which he had so clearly depicted to himself.

And so matters went on for a week longer and still no letter came; indeed, there was small reason to expect one. Byars was the poorest of scribes, and not wishing to take even Lakin into his confidence, he had made shift to write the letter of inquiry himself, with the result of thoroughly mystifying Westcott's partners, for the missive bore no address and the post-mark was too dim to be deciphered. The badly-spelled epistle caused no little anxiety to the young man's friends, for the wording conveyed some hint of his danger, but they were unable to do anything further than to telegraph the description asked for to the leading Southern newspapers, none of which happened to reach Tannville. In his letters home, Westcott had spoken of taking a vacation of a few days on the return journey, but he omitted the name of his proposed stopping-place for the very simple reason that he did not then know it himself.

Notwithstanding this chapter of untoward circumstances, Westcott would probably have been released after a few days' further detention had it not been for another and still more awkward occurrence. A revenue officer who had seen him leave the train at Tifton had read the published description and had

been making inquiries at the latter place ; Tom Beggs, the mail-carrier, had heard of it, and now every one in Tannville knew that Westcott was a "revenuer" in disguise and that he was being searched for by his companions!

Even Byars was convinced by this. Upon hearing it, he went straight home, and finding Westcott in the room he had occupied during his captivity, he locked the door and fastened the window without a word of explanation. Calling Nan and bidding her keep a sharp lookout and on no account to allow Westcott to escape from the cabin, he hurried off down the mountain.

Nan was much alarmed by this sudden change in affairs, and being by this time firmly convinced that Westcott was what he claimed to be, she was at loss to account for it. As soon as her father was out of sight, she went to the window and opening the shutter, peered into the dusky interior. Westcott was sitting with his back toward her, but he arose at her call and asked why he had been locked in.

"I cain't tell; didn't paw say nuthin to you-uns?"

"Not a word; I didn't even know he was here."

"He come home a spell ago an' locked you-uns in, an' then 'tol' me t' watch close—I'm 'feard he's done heard suthin 'gin you-uns."

"Nan, I have told you the exact truth about myself and I know you believe me; what could he have heard against me?"

"I cain't tell, no more 'n you-uns kin," replied the girl, "but I 'low I 'll fin' out," then, after a moment's hesitation, "kin you-uns shoot?"

"Yes, if I have to," answered Westcott, gravely, beginning to realize for the first time that a serious ending to his holiday was among the possibilities.

Nan disappeared, but presently returned with a repeating rifle, which she handed through the window. "Hit's Jeff Minter's," she said. "He's got two, an' paw borrd this 'n fer a spell. I reckon you-uns 'll know how ter han'le hit?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I still hope there will be no occasion;" then he added, "your father will be among my assailants—will probably lead them; have you thought of that, Nan?"

Her expressive face showed plainly enough that she had thought of it, and Westcott actually forgot his peril for the moment in watching the play of conflicting emotions on the mobile features.

"I cain't help it," she replied at last, raising her eyes to his;

"I thess cain't, an' I won't stan' by and see 'em kill you-uns," and then she was gone, leaving the shutter still open.

Westcott's first act was to close and carefully secure the window, which done, he sat down and went all over the old argument in the light of this new revelation. It was no easier to dispose of now, when he knew the girl better and was comparatively certain of the nature of the feelings which prompted her loyalty. The question of propriety, his mother's certain disapproval—surely it would be most unwise and ill-advised; but then, on the other hand, Nan's great natural capabilities, her superb beauty, her eagerness to learn, would not these, if given the advantages which money could command, ultimately raise her to the level of any position she might choose to occupy? He believed that they would, in time, but there was still the dreadful interval, crowded with humiliations for himself and sore trials for Nan.

Through it all, he endeavored to keep closely to the practical view, for notwithstanding the preponderance of this quality in his character, he was quite sure now that once the barriers of reason were thrown down, a surging tide of passion would rush in, before which all other considerations would be as the dew on a summer morning. Moreover, the time for temporizing was fast slipping away, and he knew that the question should be decided at once; the faint streaks of light, percolating through the cracks in the shutter, faded and disappeared and the gathering darkness found him pacing the narrow limits of the room, still undetermined, and almost ready to wish that circumstances and the event of the coming struggle might decide for him.

Meanwhile, Nan had left the cabin and was swiftly ascending the narrow path which led up the mountain to a spot where, on a clear night, a close observer might have discerned a slender wreath of smoke curling skyward. The sun was setting in a splendor of cloud-wreaths and his last rays fell upon the face of the girl as she toiled up the steep acclivity. A new light shone in her eyes, but the features were set and determined, with an expression which boded ill for those who might oppose her.

The path ended in a little dell, concealing the entrance to a shallow cave which served as the still-house of the mountaineers; the place was deserted, and upon reaching it Nan secreted herself behind a pile of cut wood near the entrance, in a position where she could hear without being seen. She waited with grim patience for nearly an hour, and the blackness of a cloudy night had enveloped the mountain before she heard the sound of footsteps approaching the dell. Then the murmur of subdued voices floated upon the still air, and as these became more dis-

tinct Nan counted one, two, three, four—they were all there. She breathed freer, for her great fear had been that one of the men would be sent to guard the prisoner.

A moment later her father, followed by Minter, Sam Anderson and another mountaineer, entered the cave, and Nan drew closer in the shadow of the wood-pile as Byars struck a light.

"Hit air no use, boys," he said, continuing the argument which had been interrupted by their arrival; "the young feller's ondoubtedly a rev'nuer, an' we thess nachelly cain't 'low him ter get away. I reckon he's done got a picter o' these yere mountings in his'n head as 'll make 'em a heap too hot to hold we-uns. W'en I met up 'ith him he hed that thar spyglass o' his'n p'inted pine-blank t' this yere identikle spot."

"I don't see no use in argyfyin' 'bout hit, does you-all, Jeff?" said Anderson, a low-browed, black-bearded, sleepy-looking man, with a cruel glint in his half-open eyes.

"I hain't seed no use all 'long," replied Minter, "an' ef I'd er hed my way he'd never hed no chainece ter make up ter no gal o' mine."

"You-uns better shet up 'bout that thar," said Byars, sententiously. "Nan 'll take keer o' herself, but I reckon we-uns knows what's got ter be done now."

For a moment Nan's quick wit was at fault. Her first impulse was to fly down the mountain and release Westcott, but she could not leave her hiding place without betraying herself. Once she was on the point of bursting in upon the men and attempting to turn them from their purpose, but a moment's reflection convinced her that this would be useless. A desperate alternative suggested itself—if she could get Minter alone! An expedient came quickly; putting her hands against the wood she braced herself and sent the pile to the ground with a crash.

The men rushed from the cave, with Minter, who was nearest the entrance, in the lead. Stumbling over the fallen wood, he turned back with an oath. "Hit's some o' you-uns shif'less doin's, Sam; I done tol' ye it'd fall down."

As he was about to re-enter the cave, Nan called softly, "Jeff!" adding, before he could utter an exclamation, "hit's me—Nan—don't speak—come yere!"

Too mystified to disobey, he stepped aside and stood before the girl, who had risen to her feet.

"Go an' tell 'em to wait fer ye tell ye kin go an' look 'round down the path—I'll meet ye thar;" then, as he hesitated, "go, ye fool!"

Still a little dazed, Minter followed her instructions and soon joined her at a point on the path out of hearing of the others.

"Well, what does you-uns want o' me?" he asked sulkily, as he came up.

"You-uns didn' usen ter talk that-er-way ter me, Jeff Minter."

"Mebbe so, but you-uns hain't had no use fer me sence that thar damned rev'nuer showed his'n face."

"Aw shucks! he hain't no rev'nuer, an' I tell ye, Jeff Minter, you-uns is fixin' ter kill an in'cent man."

"Hit's like ernough you-uns'd say so, but I tell ye, Nan By'r's, 't he's got ter die, ef on'y fer comin' twixt me an' you-uns."

The girl stood motionless, her hands clasped in a convulsive effort to steady herself. It was no small sacrifice that she was about to make for the man she loved, for she almost loathed this brutal savage who stood before her. The struggle was sharp but time was precious; laying her hand upon Minter's arm, she said, "Jeff, you-uns is a bigger fool 'an what I 'lowed, a-bein thess nachelly jealous 'bout nothin'; but I 'low I cain't marry no man 'ith in'cent blood on his 'n han's, n'r I hain't a-goin' ter 'low my pore ol' paw ter git inter trouble. Ef you-uns keer's much fer me as ye useter 'low ye did, thess go back ter th' still an keep paw an' the boys thar tell I kin turn the young feller loose, an' I 'll marry you-uns when—when you-uns gits ready."

Minter could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses, but he was not the man to let slip the opportunity because he could not understand the motive, and not being troubled with nice distinctions of loyalty to his associates, where his own affairs were concerned, the condition seemed easy enough; besides, he argued, there would still be an opportunity for settling with Westcott after he should have been released. He knew, too, that Nan would never betray his part in the escape and she would have to bear the burden of her father's wrath.

"I reckon I war a fool," he said, after a little; "go an' turn yer city chap loose; I'll hold the ol' man fer a spell," and he went back to the cave while Nan ran down the path with a speed to which the fear of treachery on the part of Minter lent wings. She did not stop to consider what she had done, it was too late for that now, and her mind was busy with plans for getting Westcott out of the mountains before the alarm could be given.

In a few minutes she was at his window, panting with the violence of her haste. Westcott heard her and undid the fastening. "Come," she gasped, "git outen the winder, quick, an' come 'long 'ith me. Don't waste er minute!"

Westcott obeyed mechanically, and as soon as his feet touched the ground Nan grasped his arm and hurried him away

through the corn, over the fence and diagonally up the mountain, never pausing till they stood together in an open space upon the top of the ridge. As they gained this, the moon broke through the clouds, flinging a flood of silver light over mountain and valley. The girl's face was pale with excitement as she turned and peered eagerly into the shadows of the wood on the opposite mountain. Following the direction of her eyes, Westcott saw a line of dark figures appearing and disappearing on the windings of a path as they descended toward the valley.

"They'm after you-uns," she said, turning to lead the way along the top of the ridge.

For an hour they pressed on in silence, coming out of the forest again on the brow of a shelf-like plateau on the side of the mountain. There was an opening in the woods at this point and a sandy road ran through the little glade. The clouds had disappeared from the path of the moon and her silver radiance was dazzling as they emerged from the weird shadows of the pines. Back of them rose the cliffs of the higher mountain, weather-worn into a hundred fantastic shapes, and far away in the valley at their feet twinkled the lights of a town. Pointing to these, Nan said, "That thar's Tift'n; ef ye foller the road, you-uns 'll be thar afore sun-up."

"And what will become of you, Nan?"

"I 'low ter go back ter paw's." There was a sob in her voice as the full force of all that this simple sentence implied came to her.

The time for deliberation had passed and Westcott's voice was very gentle as he said, "Why should you go back, Nan? Why not go back with me to my home, where you can have the advantages you deserve? My mother will love you, if only for this that you have done to-night."

She had turned away from him while he was speaking until now he could see only the classical outline of the beautiful face; her eyes were fixed upon the lights of the distant town and she did not look at him as she said, "I can't harken to that thar now—I done promise ter marry Jeff Minter."

"I thought you didn't care for him, Nan, and—and I thought you did care for me."

"Oh, *cain't* you understand?" said the girl, with a touch of impatience.

"No, I can't; it's too sudden;" he was trying to reason it out. "When did you promise Minter to be his wife?"

"Thess a little spell ago."

"But when? yesterday, to-day, to-night? Look at me,

Nan"—taking her face between his hands—"didn't you buy my freedom with this promise?"

Her eyes answered him : with the look there came into his heart something better and purer than the motive which had prompted his offer of a few moments before. Drawing her tenderly to him, he said, "I know all about it now, little girl, but I couldn't take freedom or even life itself on such terms."

"I thess couldn't do nare 'nother way." Her eyes were softly luminous and bright with tears, now.

"And did you think I would let you pay such a price?"

"I 'lowed you-uns wouldn't know; an' anyways, it thess couldn' be helped; they-all was layin' up shore to kill you-uns."

"I'm glad I do know, and we'll not part now, dear; I love you too well to—"

There was not a breath of air stirring; the subdued voices of the night, the dripping of the dew on the leaves, the fine piping of insects, the muffled brawling of a mountain stream, softened by distance into a humming monotone, the blue-black shadows of the pines, contrasting weirdly with the white flood of shimmering light in the glade—all served to deepen the stillness, and the sharp snapping of a twig under the nearest tree broke harshly into the harmonious silence. Westcott looked up and saw a red sheet of flame leap from the shadow and form itself into a blazing cone, lengthening and reaching out until the fiery apex touched him—the cliffs reverberated with crash upon crash of the loudest thunder, the moon whirled in giddy circles and then burst into showers of scintillating sparks. . . .

"I reckon ye got him, Jeff." It was Anderson who spoke as the two men came out of the shadows and approached the figures lying in the sandy road.

Minter reached them first and grasping the girl roughly by the shoulder, he said, "Git up, Nan, an' come 'long 'ith me."

They had fallen as they stood; the man with his face, over which the death-pallor was already creeping, upturned to the light; the woman with her head resting on his shoulder. Minter's rude grasp loosened her clasped hand and turned her face to the light. . . .

"I done tol' ye y'd hit 'em both," said Anderson."

Francis Lynde.

LINES TO A LADY FRIEND.

THE saddest hour of life had come,
To almost crush my bleeding heart,
And sorrow with its iron hands
Had nearly torn its walls apart,
Then came a cloud of bitter grief
To aid in keeping up the strife
That filled my bosom with its pain
And cast a shadow o'er my life.

Just when the darkest hour drew near
And my poor heart with grief was tossed,
Just when I prayed for death to come,
And every hope in life was lost,
I saw a smile of sunshine break
Its way through sorrow's darkest cloud,
I saw a fair and friendly face,
A hand remove the dismal shroud.

God sent a friend to comfort me,
With loving hands to tear apart
All thoughts of grief and woe and pain,
That almost wrecked my hopeless heart,
Like some sweet messenger of peace—
An angel sent down from above—
You came just when I needed help
And comfort, sympathy and love.

My friend, God knows you are my friend,
And every angel, too, will know
What joy it gives this heart of mine
To think of you, and call you so,
If I could only let my lips
Proclaim your friendship, name, and worth,
I'd let the world know that there lived
No better woman on this earth.

God bless you ! benefactor, friend !
Should you sleep first beneath the sod,
I'll shed sweet tears of love for you,
And nightly breathe your name to God,
But should I die, then weep a tear
Of memory sweet where I am laid,
For I believed a better friend
To me than you God never made.

Will S. Hays.



MR. BLAINE.

OUT of life and politics, out of this busy world which he had made the busier, a strong life has passed, for Mr. Blaine has died. Into history his name goes with much benison of love and great shadows of disappointment flitting over it. Was he a great man, or was he not? The question will be asked time and again, and never answered to the satisfaction of the men who ask it. Ready, active, agile, he always was, but was he great? Often has he been compared to Mr. Clay, and in many points their lives were similar. Henry Clay stands now the shadow of a great name with Webster, Calhoun, Jefferson, and other shades attending him. He was never President, it is true, but those who were have been forgotten while his memory still sways the nation's thought. Will it be so with Mr. Blaine? Will he be forceful after death as Clay was?

To us who live to-day the question is a doubtful one. Too close to him, perhaps, we can not understand his full significance. The Bancroft of the future may do better. To him may come some revelations of the work which this man wrought that can not come to us. We only knew him as a man; if he were demi-god the mists of time must wrap themselves about him long before we find it out. We, like he was, are fallible.

We know that he was lovable. You can not find a man who speaks an unkind word about him. Most bitter partisan he was; true to his party and its principles, accused of evil doing in and out of it, yet over the soul of him the west wind blew and brought with it the breath of the heather and the sweet scent of violets. Always there came with him the flavor of nature and the suggestiveness of broad humanity. He was in no sort a hot-house plant—the sun had kissed him and the snows had sifted on his budding hopes. Joy and sorrow he knew, but not despair.

Of his domestic life it is not well to speak. He was as ill-mated there as he was in politics. He came to Kentucky under peculiar circumstances and found a wife—a spinster then—with hide-bound Puritan proclivities. In both of them there was much human nature, and there has been too much already said about their marriage. Much has been sworn to that had best been unrevealed. Egged on, he brought a suit, and then dismissed it. Those who have seen the depositions know the reason why. The dismissal of that suit cost him the vote of Indiana in his presidential race.

But his great, broad heart and fecund mind laid ever waiting for the sunshine. Hope brought a strength to him that no defeat could wither. He lived out his life without a hatred and he died without an enemy. There came more sorrow to him than to any public man of our time. There was always a shadow by his fireside; a skeleton in his closet; and there was always a smile upon his lip and a warm hand-grasp for his friend. Not as the "plumed knight" will he be best remembered, but as the kindly man, the gentle one, the man who suffered and became not sour.

He was in no sense knightly. The imperious dictatorship of Mr. Clay found echo in the lordly Roscoe Conkling, not in Mr. Blaine. His defect lay in lack of courage, physical as well as moral. With this he would have been invincible. All through his life he failed to face his fate as sternly as he should. Not arrogant in any way he was too gentle for his station. Men of less intellect surpassed him by their forcefulness. And when his destiny had ripened to its grand fruition he stood dumb and mute while Burchard dashed the apple from his lips. One word of protest from him then; a brief courageous utterance and he crossed the portals of the White House as our President. He did not speak and like a lamb went to the slaughter. Now he is dead, a nation mourns its loss. The mighty one has fallen; may his sleep be sweet, and may he wake into a better life.

JUDGE LAMAR.

SINCE our last issue Judge Lamar has died, and Judge Howell E. Jackson has been appointed in his place. Lamar was a curious character, of a curious family. Quaintness was inbred with them. French they were, of the old Henry of Navarre stock, and seamen by profession. The first one to become famous in this country was Mirabeau Lamar, the first president of Texas, and an uncle of the judge. We can not now attempt

a sketch of him, his life and times. That may be done at some future time. He was a statesman, a soldier, a poet, and, of necessity, a crank. Loving one whom this writer loved and revered, rejected by her, he wrote a volume of poems, most despairingly voiced but printed on gilt-edged paper, and hied himself to Texas to win fame. He won it and became the first president of the Lone Star State.

This man who has died embodied much of the old South even in his name. Lucius Quintus Curtis Lamar was sufficient of a name to carry. It would make one weary, as they used to say, "a toting of it." The old classicism of the old days was in his name, and much of the spirit which inspired the Roman Senate in its best days came to him from that name. He was stern, severe, and just. Cincinnatus was always before him, and the maxims of the Stoics were his daily food for thought. He lived in an antique age, and gilded it still more with modern thought and research.

Death came to him as it will come to all of us. The same death that makes the grave its invitation to its wedding with our bodies. What came to his soul let those who know declare. True and pure it was, just and generous. He has died and a good man has come into his place. Let heaven settle on its register the status of the one; earth will not do injustice to the other. Justice Lamar has gone to his rest, a type of the South that was; Justice Jackson has come in his place, a type of the new South, the South that has come, the South that ever will be. That President Harrison appointed him can not be forgotten. It was a fair, a gentle, and a gracious act. The South should not forget it. It was right and proper, but how few there are who do the right and proper thing. Mr. Harrison is larger than his party.

AND Miss Jennie Casseday is dead. Men who fill the eye of the world have monuments and epitaphs. Women live and die leaving only the sweet aroma of sacrificial lives. Her life savored of heaven so much that it was Paradise to know her. We men are wicked, all of us, but to sit by that poor suffering woman and to hear her speak of Jesus Christ was near akin to goodness. Such people God throws into the world as if he was casting pearls before swine. And those of us who truly know them know that we are swine and they are pearls. Before them we are humble, not because they ask supremacy, but for the reason that they bring the breath of heaven with them and we are not pure enough to breathe it. One such life makes blessed all the earth. In its silence and its quietude it germinates sweet thoughts, and

when it goes out leaves us pure and gentle memories. To have known such a one at all was like one stood upon the Mount of Olives. Golgotha and Calvary were present; the sweet Christ was in her sentences; the cross was in her crucifixion. Lying dying—slowly dying—this woman found all the bliss of heaven by her bedside. Not once did ever she forsake her faith; not once she quailed before the shadow of the grave, and we, strong men, go through the world a-fearful. Shame on us, shame on every one! Cowards we are, while this weak woman knew no fear. Statesmen, poets, and philosophers we celebrate, women who live and die, a daily sacrifice, we do not speak of.

Sweet soul! God rest you in a heaven worthy of you. May his smile fall gently on you there as falls the sunlight on the sward in spring. Swept with his benison, your heart shall be fecund. May there be others like you born on earth. Dead are you now—dead to the world, but living to eternity. Stars smiled upon you once and moonlight gladdened you. You are above them now. All the long years of pain and suffering are gone and you are gone. Sweet soul, remember me! In all my purest thoughts I did remember you!

THE TROUBLES OF MR. MCKINLEY.

MR. WILLIAM MCKINLEY is too large a man to be ignored. He is, as Mr. Blaine was, a commanding figure in our politics. His troubles, his griefs, his vexations belong to all of us. The knife that stabs Mr. William McKinley gives hurt to all of us. We have no right to intrude upon his privacy because he is a public man; in no disagreeable manner have we cause to thrust ourselves upon him. As a gentleman and citizen he has right to conference with his own thoughts in the seclusion of his home. No one of us should dare intrude upon him. The shadow of his threshold falls upon a pure and sweet and gentle life that none of us should venture to trespass upon. Within that shadow is a light which burns continually. And in the smoke of it there comes the breath of incense and of prayer.

Trouble has come upon him, and he has turned aside from public life to meet this private ill which has been thrust upon his notice. Without dishonor, without shame, without cowardice, he stands fronting a bankruptcy which comes with the accolade of knighthood to ennoble him. To a false theory he sought to lead his people, he believing it. The common sense of men rejected it, leaving him beside the bitter waters of a

Marah which he made himself. His theory of protection wrought him ruin. More than a hundred thousand dollars does he owe for notes that he endorsed to carry on an "infant industry." An infant fraud it was; a well-developed fraud it came to be. And he stands with clean hands protecting it.

The Spartans have not altogether died in our day. With every dollar that he owns, with every dollar that his wife can raise, he stands there like a man, to pay his debts and give his labor and his talents to his creditors. The fox may gnaw his vitals but he gives no sign. True to his theory, true to himself, he fronts the world unsmirched, unspotted.

Mr. William McKinley, you do not know it, but you are a noble figure in this hustling, bustling world. The hand that writes this would suffer amputation before it would cast a ballot for your party or your principles. The heart behind that hand looks at you with clear eyes and finds you clean, and pure and honest. And the better element of men, your fellow citizens, will doff the hat to you, and say, "This man is larger than his party or his theories. He is unfortunate, but nature made of him a noble man."

There is no politics in sorrow. In suffering the whole world is akin. The laborer, the winner of the bread his wife and little ones must eat, is never without friends and sympathy. And to see this man who serves his country and his people like a patriot, as he is, reduced to penury, brings pain to every honest heart. True to his friend, true to his principles, he has gone down in a financial wreck, from which he will rise a better, broader, more beloved man. Possibly he, and we, should be grateful for his troubles.

Many men there are who can not well be spared from public life. This man is one of them. Our President he may be, at some time, but never with my vote. Yet if the warm hand-grasp and the sympathetic heart could do him good Mr. William McKinley can command them both whenever he shall choose to do so. As the salt makes the sea waves fresh, and the winds keep the ocean from stagnating, so do such minds as his keep all our world of politics sweet and pure and gentle. We want such men in office. Without slander and without reproach, he has lived beneath the glare of a torrid sun. No light has been too severe for him; no darkness has been needed to screen his faults. The Sam Randall of his party, he has led it to destruction, but he led it like a knight who knew no fear, and on whose shining armor not a trace of mud or mire could fasten.

THE PASSING OF SARTORIS.

A LONG with the death of some great men and the troubles of some others, there comes to us news that one Algernon Sartoris died not long ago. At one time he was husband to our Nellie Grant. Then he mistreated her and turned her practically out of doors. There were children of the marriage—more's the pity. It were shame enough upon us that such a marriage should have been at all. It is more shame that those who were the fruits of it shall trace their ancestry to one who was a President of these United States.

Grant was a man of power! His face is stamped upon the nineteenth century in vivid, clear-cut lines. Whatever else he may have been, he was in no sense weak. Around the world he went on a triumphal tour, such as no emperor of Rome could even dream of. Princes and potentates were proud to do him honor, and famous generals bowed low before him. Of fame, of glory, even of riches, he had all that man could ask. Safe in the affections of his countrymen, sure of a brilliant place in history, his family is forgotten to-day, only to be recalled by the death of this obscure individual. This foolish girl, the belle of the White House as she was, could not content herself in marrying a man of her own race and breeding. Like many other silly women she preferred a foreigner. She found one ready to accept her for the prominence and money which the marriage gave him. Her father acquiesced in the sacrifice, and the great American people looked on with bowed heads, and shame crimsoned their cheeks. It was an outrage, and we knew it.

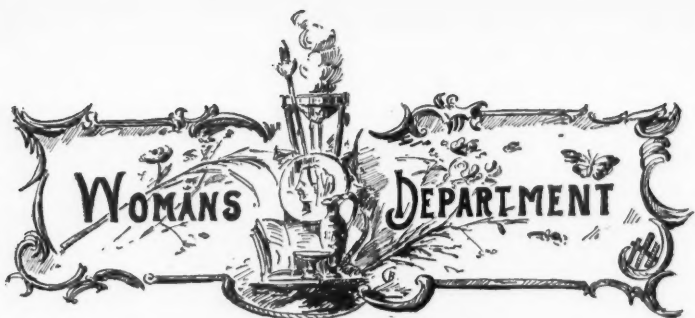
Possibly the widow of Mr. Sartoris will not regret his death. She suffered from him every indignity to which a woman could submit—even chastisement. And then he turned her out of doors to beg or starve. He had gotten all he wanted of her. The money and the reputation had come to him, and he cared nothing for her otherwise. Poor girl! one can not help but pity her.

But is there no lesson to be learned from this? Will our women never gain wisdom by experience? A few years ago a very prominent young lady in Washington society committed suicide. It was not difficult to ascertain the motive for her act. The young man, an attache of a foreign embassy, was transferred to some other court—the girl was buried, that was all. Even the young employes of the Chinese minister could hardly take the air without some persecution from young ladies, and the stories told of orgies at their mansion would shame the

slums of Paris. The American young woman has a craze for foreigners, and they have a corresponding contempt for her. It hurts a man, in alien lands, to find the women of his country so despised. It hurts him all the more because he can not help but feel that they are blamable for what poor estimation they receive. Not all of them are blamable, of course, but most of them are. In order to tell their friends at home how they were entertained by Lord Roue or Count Frappe they will do things which could not be tolerated in America, and puts them under social ban in any other country. In their headlong chase after foreigners they forget their self-respect.

Let us be patriotic somewhat, especially as we have been so recently extolling the glories of George Washington. The American woman has no superior, and many of us think no equal, on the globe. She is not so strong a beast of burden as some other women are, but she will work her fingers to the bone for any one she loves. Of fine fiber, of quick motion, of subtle intellect, as spry in her footsteps as she is nimble with her tongue, from the rolling-pin unto the rostrum she supplies a long-felt want to all of us. We love her, and we understand her. Let her mate with us. The men of America are good men. They are not dukes or counts; they are better than that; they are American citizens. So there is no need to buy fourth-rate husbands from abroad when you can get the best at home for nothing.





MARIE SOLARI.

IT seems almost the universal experience of genius to be misunderstood and repressed in the beginning. Possibly it is an exemplification of the saying "a prophet hath honor save in his own country," but it most frequently happens that friends and family are the last to believe. Marie Solari was no exception to the general rule. From her childhood she felt the artistic impulse strong within her, and she filled her days with dreams of the time when she would become an artist. But how was she to make a beginning? Her mother had no sympathy with her longings, for she did not understand the child. The desire to learn something of art finally became so strong, that Marie decided to take lessons without her mother's knowledge or consent. Her progress was very rapid, and in an almost incredibly short time she had painted a landscape that was exceedingly good for a beginner. This picture she carried to her mother who was both delighted and surprised when she saw it; and she at once withdrew her opposition to her daughter following the career on which she had set her heart, and allowed the young girl to set about prosecuting her studies. She remained at home, in Memphis, Tennessee, till 1878 when the yellow fever was epidemic in the city, and Miss Solari became one of the victims. When she was once recovered, she went to Florence, Italy, for the two-fold purpose of regaining her health, and continuing her studies. She there became the student of the great master, Cassioli. Beside her artistic work, she was foreign correspondent for a number of prominent American journals. In the congenial atmosphere of this art center, Miss Solari made great progress in her artistic life. She soon became renowned as a student of much promise, and was invited to exhibit her pictures in some of the *salons* of able critics in Florence.

At that time no women were admitted to the *Academy of*



MISS MARIE SOLARI.

To Baby Ruth

A Valentine



A little blossom, oh, so fair;
No fairer ones to break of Spring
So delicate, so sweetly rare,
How could I dare its praises sing!

I leave not for exalted place
I love the innocence and youth
I love the tender baby face
God fend the little baby Ruth.

A precious bud so pure & sweet,
As sweet as love, as pure as Truth
Now sixty million hearts repeat
"God keep Our little baby Ruth!"

EN

George Griffith-Jetter.

Beaux Arts, and Miss Solari was very anxious to gain admission. One of the "powers that be" of the academy told her to go home and learn to bake bread and sew, that she was out of her sphere in attempting to become an artist. But she carried on the struggle for three years, and at last made it possible for a woman to compete at the *Academy of Beaux Arts*. While she was a student, she scored a success by winning the silver medal. At first she was refused the privilege of contesting for the prize with men, and on being thus informed, she told the committee that if this injustice was done her, she would appeal to the American consul at Florence. This settled the matter. When the prize was given it was found that the judges had awarded it to Miss Solari. They, however, had not known that the prize picture was painted by a woman, because no names had been given, but only numbers affixed. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*

In 1890, the artist exhibited crayon drawings and water-colors at the Beatrice Exposition in Florence, and was awarded silver medals for excellence in both colors and crayons.

In the same year, she became a teacher in a celebrated institute in Florence, and also opened a studio in that city. This was the only studio in the place at the time that was conducted by a woman.

Afterward, Miss Solari returned to her home in Memphis, Tennessee, where she opened a studio and where she now resides.

Kate Weathers.

THE ART OF CRITICISING.

THERE was quite a notable gathering in New York City the other day of people who had come to look at a collection of pictures. The walls were hung with the works of artists who had made names for themselves, and groups of people strolled through the rooms commenting, admiring, or finding fault with the pictures given over to public inspection. Some representatives of the press formed a little knot of persons all to themselves and were seated with tablets in hand manufacturing what would become Public Opinion when it was printed. A rather striking looking personage passed this group, and one of them said to another :

"That is Mr. ———, the art critic of the ——— *Journal*, is it not?"

"Who? *That* man? He is no critic, he is nothing but an artist!" was the crushing response.

The critic is not a new institution: indeed we have reason to suppose that Satan himself made his first appearance in this role. Any one who is clever at reading between the lines can take his memorable interview with Mother Eve in the garden of Eden and readily perceive the subtle spirit of criticism that pervades his brief remarks.

"Ah!" he insinuates; "you are a woman devoid of a proper spirit of enterprise; you take no interest in things about you. What a pity you lack appreciation of your opportunities!"

And Eve is stung by this implied criticism and commits the deed from which we are now suffering the consequences.

The patriarch Job who resided in the *terra incognita* of Uz was a striking example of what a man can suffer at the hands of the critics. This most estimable individual had lived long and happily in the good opinion of his family and friends. He flourished like a green bay tree, in the atmosphere of respectability that surrounded him. It was considered an honor to be related to him by the ties of kinship, and any man who could say "Job of Uz is a connection of mine," was a privileged person. But by and by all this was changed. Misfortunes came thickly upon him. Everything that made life pleasant was taken away from him. And what did his friends do in his hour of need? Did they come to him with consolation, or try to cheer him up by

expressing their own good opinion of him? Not they! They swooped down upon him and sat about him in a circle and plainly informed him that they had long had their doubts about him, and they criticised his motives and his conduct, past and present, till he cried out in bitterness of spirit.

One should not be hard upon them. It was only human nature. It is often one's nearest and dearest who arrogate to themselves the privilege of close criticism. Talleyrand speaks of "the brutal frankness of relatives," and the friend of one's bosom is often lynx-eyed to one's faults and does not hesitate to speak of them.

Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was rather large shot for small deer, but the poet was thin-skinned and the criticisms of the little people stung him unmercifully. Many a gentle-natured poet has been wounded to the quick by fault-finding critics who snarled at his first song, and he had never the courage to essay other notes. Many artists, musicians, and writers have had their lives blighted by disparagements, and their deserved success delayed till it had comparatively small value when it did come. It often happens that the office of critic is filled by a person who knows very little of what he is talking about, and sometimes even his well-meant efforts result disastrously. In spite of the judicial lion-skin in which he enwraps himself his long ears and his asinine bray betray him.

Yet, nothing is more needed than honest criticism of literature, music, painting and kindred arts. The mass of people are crude in their judgment, with taste unformed because of lack of proper training. They are like a flock of sheep, who will always follow their leader blindly. If somebody prints an opinion of a work of art this opinion is straightway adopted by the majority of readers.

On the other hand, a number of persons are never influenced by these cut and dried judgments. Or they may even be prejudiced unfavorably by them. Possibly they will consider the praise fulsome, or the blame ill advised. Instances are often seen where a harsh criticism of a book or play has turned the tide of public opinion in its favor.

Again, a work of real merit will make its own way in time. But most people prefer having their rewards of merit given them while they can enjoy them. It is not an inspiring thought to a man that not till after his bones are dust will he be appreciated and his name honored among men. The average human prefers his success in a very present tangible form. He may even be under the sordid necessity of taking the proceeds of his genius

to pay for rent, fuel, food and clothes. The most spirituelle artists, inspired poets, and delicately fanciful musicians usually come in this category.

Still, it should not be inferred that everybody who aspires to catch the public eye or ear is a genius. The bad pictures that are seen everywhere, the worse than worthless reading matter that floods the market, show that the critic has been too sparing of his work. In justice to a suffering public he should have slain and spared not. And it is often kinder to put a beginner out of his misery at once than to let him continue to hope when he will never be able to achieve anything.

To sum up the whole matter then, a critic should be one of the most conscientious of persons. One who will not be weakly good-natured, nor yet will not let bad digestion or east winds influence his judgments.

But it is in the broad field of social criticism that woman reigns pre-eminent. Not that she is any worse in this respect, that she is any more addicted to the habit of criticising than man, but that she has the power of making this practice an odious one.

The drizzle of unkind criticism that goes on socially is unceasing. It is heard everywhere. It is as bad as a London fog, for it enwraps everything and there is no escaping it. Take the common every-day table conversation and in too many homes it will be found to be largely made up of slighting remarks regarding friends and associates. So acquaintances will meet casually on the streets and stop to exchange little tid-bits of harmless gossip concerning mutual friends. A man in his own house and at his own table will interrupt himself long enough to say "grace over meat" and then go right on pointing out the defects in the character, work or business of his neighbor.

Some people seem to be born with the love of picking flaws in things. The other day a woman had a gown sent home from a dressmaker that was faultless in fit and finish. She looked it over, tried it on, and it seemed to lack nothing. Finally she said thoughtfully: "There must be something the matter with it somewhere, and I am going to wear it down to cousin Mary's. She will see some fault in it immediately. She always does in everything. And I would really like to know where the defect is."

The above incident is a good illustration. An habitual critic passes over excellencies to fasten on a blemish. A spot or wrinkle fascinates him. He has eyes for nothing else. This

habit is a cheap and easy way of earning a reputation for fastidiousness or delicacy of taste. It requires no talent to be a blemish hunter. People with large vanity and narrow ideas can easily become experts. Indeed, it can be practiced till criticism becomes a moral vivisection.

To be exact, the large majority of persons do not mean to be malicious while they thus indulge in miscellaneous criticism. But this is no excuse. Petty detraction is sometimes more harmful than slander. The latter often has a reactionary influence, while the former is the little fox that gnaws the vine in undetected security.

We remember the man who was about to retire from an apartment where a number of his friends were assembled, and just as he closed the door he said ironically :

"My friends, I leave my reputation behind me."

But it is not only in the parlor or *salon* that this vice of detraction flourishes. Many a man would be startled if he heard the remarks made in regard to him, after he had closed the door of the office of his friend.

Oftentimes the most discouraging criticism is received at home, the very last place from which it should come. As 'a flower loves the dew, and as it turns its face to the sun, so the soul seeks appreciation and yearns for sympathy. No one can do his best work unless there is some one who believes in him. Encouragement is the best known tonic. It strengthens the soul as well as the body. Then never be afraid, oh, woman, of being too lavish of praise of husband or children. If a loved one does something well, do not be afraid to say so. Or if you must criticise, do it gently, lovingly, at the same time showing him that you believe he can do better.

In the coming years there will be gaps in your home circle, and some of those who are dear to you will be buried out of your sight. Then, when your eyes are blind with tears and your heart aches with its sense of loss, do not have laid up for yourself the bitterness of unavailing regret.

We travel the road of life only once ; you will never be sorry for having been kind or loving. The regret comes at the thought of the words that might have been spoken, but never were said.

Angele Crippen.



LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

The night was dark and tempestuous. The wind moaned and sighed through the almost deserted streets like a woman in distress. Overhead black, threatening clouds were madly chasing each other athwart the gloomy heavens, allowing only an occasional glimpse of the wan face of the queen of night, which seemed unusually pale, as though frightened at the angry war of the elements.

Ever and anon a big drop of rain fell from the somber clouds, as though in warning to the belated pedestrians (for it was twelve o'clock), and caused many of them to hasten their footsteps toward the sheltering roof of home at such speed that they did not have proper time for meditation in which to make up their excuses for the late incoming, so necessary to the peace of the married man.

How different the scene from that which has just been described was presented in the parlor of Albert Sylvester, the wealthy and retired humorist. In marked contrast to the gloom outside was this brilliantly illuminated room, where the beautiful daughter of Albert Sylvester was engaged in earnest conversation with Howard Bronson. This conversation was to decide her future, and for that reason attention is called to it.

To say that Evelyn Sylvester was beautiful would not begin to express her surpassing loveliness. She was *strangely* beautiful, for her father and mother were both acknowledged to be very ugly, even in Chicago.

Her queenly figure was arrayed in becoming evening costume, and Howard Bronson thought, as he looked at the woman who had plighted her troth to him, that he was the most fortunate man in all the wide, wide world. Not even a

shadow of regret came over him for having given her a beautiful solitaire ring, which she wore on the third finger, although he had had but little pocket-money since. Still, with all this happiness before him, there was a look of trouble upon his face which Evelyn, with the all-searching eye of love, discovered. Turning her lovely eyes upon his countenance she, in a voice full of feeling, inquired: "What is the matter, Howard?" Her ruby lips parted, disclosing two rows of white teeth that glistened like pearls. "Howard, are you ill?" Her voice sounded as sweet as the silver notes of a fairy bell.

Howard passed his hand over his brow, (this did not take long to do), and after hesitating a moment as though to gather courage for some difficult task, began slowly to speak, at the same time gnawing his tawny mustache: "Evelyn, you have promised to become my wife, but before that event, which is to make or mar our future, takes place, it is best that we understand each other." His voice had now assumed a tone of settled determination. "I have been reading the fashion papers lately, and have learned that hoop-skirts are to be worn, and I must know before I leave this house whether or not you intend wearing them."

"Howard, you horrid man! How dare you ask me a question so improper?"

"Woman, this is no time for trifling! I must have an answer. Are you or are you not going to wear hoop-skirts?"

"Howard, I am not in the habit of discussing such matters with men, but you smoke cigarettes and seem more like one of us than most men, and I will answer you frankly. I am going to be one of the first to put them on."

As the heroic words dropped from her mouth he arose with a look of horror upon his face, and without one word of farewell bolted through the front door (after having first taken the precaution to open it).

Howard Bronson was gone!

Evelyn retired to her room and in about fifteen minutes her mother thought she heard something fall. Hastening to her bedside she found that her ears had not deceived her. Evelyn had fallen asleep.

The next morning the sun arose bright and clear. There was no trace of the storm of the night before. Marshall Field & Co.'s wagon drove up to the door of Albert Sylvester's palatial mansion. There was a package for Miss Evelyn! It contained a beautiful blue hoop-skirt, and in one corner embroidered in old pink were the letters, "R. S. V. P."

Howard Bronson had repented.

George Griffith Fetter.

BOOK NOTICES.

When the New England Puritans are spoken of there comes to the mind the thought of a winter landscape with the sea in the foreground. There is no coloring in the picture, for everything is neutral in tint. It is a landscape made up of white and gray, running into somber shadows that are almost black. The wild waste of water is gray, except where its restless beat casts up white foam. The sky is gray, with dreary clouds lying in dull bands across it. Inland it is still more desolate, with the leafless, shivering trees, and the snow covering the earth and obliterating the landmarks. It is difficult to remember, with this picture in mind, that the summer-time ever comes and kisses the sea till it smiles and dimples and grows blue; or that the sad, cold earth throbs with life and bursts into bloom and beauty. So, with the general thought of these "stern New England men;" it is hard sometimes to remember that love dwelt with them, or that the sweet affections of domestic life flourished in their homes, yet some of the loveliest legends in prose and poesy remind us that these solemn men had hearts that were just as tender as the hearts of men in more genial climes and under more favorable circumstances. This fact is not evident, however, in the history of "WITCHCRAFT IN SALEM VILLAGE IN 1692." The book was written by Wilfred S. Nevins, and is a very careful collection of facts concerning this most unaccountable delusion of the New England people.

In the beginning of the book there is an account of the origin of the ballot in this country. The first occasion of its use was at Salem, Massachusetts, on July 20, 1629. An independent church organization was effected, and Mr. Skelton was elected president. It was the first independent church, and there was no creed nor declaration of faith formulated save the following:

"We covenant with the Lord and with one another and do bind ourselves, in the presence of God, to walk together in his ways according as he is pleased to reveal himself unto us in his blessed word of truth."

The simple declaration might be adopted with advantage nowadays by our churches that are so buried under a load of formalism.

Belief in witchcraft was not a new growth found in American soil; it was merely an off-shoot of an old world superstition transplanted. The belief in witchcraft is as old as the history of mankind. The last execution of a witch in England took place in 1727, long after the Salem horrors. Some of the common gossips of to-day would have been witches in olden times. The persons accused of this crime were supposed to have made a compact with the devil to torment God's people, and, in some instances, to cause their death.

The first person condemned and executed in New England was in Charlestown, Connecticut, in 1648. The victim was a Miss Margaret Jones, who was a kind of irregular physician who had been guilty of greater success in her practice than many of the regular practitioners, and this was thought to be a result of the aid and abetment of his Satanic majesty.

Ann Hibbins of Boston was another memorable case. Governor Endicott said she was hanged for having more wit than her neighbors.

But the most singular feature of the whole matter is the way the accusations against persons were believed. It was no matter what the past life of the accused had been, how pure the character, or upright the walk, it counted as nothing. Generally speaking, too, the accusers were persons of no weight whatever. It was well-known in one instance that the woman making charges of witchcraft against another was suffering with delirium tremens, yet her statements were taken as truth, and the woman against whom she made her charges was cast into prison. When Governor Phips arrived in Boston, May 14, 1692, the inhabitants of Andover sent him a protest against the state of affairs existing in New England. In his report sent to the home government he stated that the jails were full of persons thrown in there because accused of witchcraft.

The case of Giles Corsey is one of the most tragic cases that is recorded. He believed in witchcraft, and was from the first most stern in his denunciations of accused persons. His wife was a woman of rare good sense, who would have nothing to do with the agitation, and warned her husband to keep out of it. This

brought her under the condemnation of the community, and the next step was easily taken and she was said to be a witch, tried and executed. Her husband did what he could in the way of protecting and standing by her, but his efforts were of no avail. His conduct during her trial brought him under suspicion and he in turn was brought to trial. He "stood mute," as it was called, viz.: would not answer his accusers. For this he was taken into a dark room, most of his clothing removed and iron weights were placed on his body, as heavy as he could endure without having the life crushed out of him. No food was given him except three morsels of bread the first day, and the second day three draughts of standing water from the nearest pond. This course was to be alternated till he answered—or died. He was conveyed to an open field near Howard Street burial ground on the second day. He entreated the officers to add more weights as was certainly natural in a man who wanted to die. His tongue was forced out of his mouth and it was pushed back again by the sheriff with his walking stick while the man was dying.

Horrible as was his fate, it was not so dreaded by the victims as the sentence of excommunication from the church. This meant to them a sentence of death eternal. To be expelled from the church meant to be doomed to hell. One of the loveliest women in the community, Rebecca Nourse, who had been a life-long Christian and intensely loyal to the church, met this fate. It was worse to her than the ignominious death she afterward met. Rose Terry Cooke wrote a poem concerning her, of which one stanza runs as follows:

" They hanged this weary woman there
Like any felon stout;
Her white hairs on the cruel rope,
Were scattered all about."

The most important person, socially, to be executed was George Burroughs, who was connected with some of the most influential families in the colonies. His death created a great stir, and called a halt by setting people to thinking.

As a study of a most curious state of mind, this book is worth careful attention. It is published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and was received through Flexner Bros., Louisville, Ky.

"FAIRFAX, MY LORD." By Marcus Blakely Almond, A. M., of Louisville, Kentucky. This is a poem very prettily bound in gilt and white. Some of the printed comments concerning it are very significant. President Porter of Yale College says it is "sweet in its spirit, lovely in its pictures, and admirably felicitous in its diction." And that very conservative journal, the *Atlantic Monthly*, has for its comment: "It is of a kind that tempts one to believe there is a greater chance for honest sentiment at the South than at the North."

"DR. PERDUE." By Stinson Jarvis. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

"ILLUSTRATED SKETCHES OF DEATH VALLEY AND OTHER BORAX DESERTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST." By John R. Spears. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF NAPOLEON III." By Gilbert Augustin Thierry. From Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued a very pretty little volume of the poems of Edith M. Thomas.

"A WILFUL HEIRESS," by Emma Scarr Booth, is received from Charles Wells Moulton, publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.

FETTER'S ADVERTISER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

GEORGE BROWN.—The following advertisement appeared in a Western paper: "If George William Brown who so basely deserted his wife and babe twenty-five years ago will return, the aforesaid babe will knock the stuffing out of him."

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF KENTUCKY, with its past record and having at its head the Hon. Charles D. Jacob, is a guarantee that it is prepared to fulfill all its contracts to the letter.

COLUMBIA FINANCE AND TRUST Co., of Louisville, Kentucky, has a paid up capital of \$1,000,000 and a surplus of over \$250,000. The most representative men of Louisville and Kentucky compose the directory, and the company does a general trust business and invites correspondence from cities, counties, corporations, and individuals. Hon. Attila Cox, president; H. V. Sanders, treasurer; W. W. Hill, secretary; Louisville, Kentucky.

ARTIST.—What do you say to my new picture? Critic—I am not going to say anything to it unless it says something to me.

THE NEW YORK LIFE—whose advertisement is to be found on another page of this magazine—is well represented in Louisville. The manager for Kentucky will be pleased to furnish literature and all information about Life Insurance, if a letter is addressed him at **THE COMMERCE**, Louisville, Kentucky.

ELECTROPOISE is a machine which has proven very beneficial in the cure of most stubborn maladies and has the endorsement of many prominent people. See their "ad" elsewhere.

CUMSO.—Well, McBride, is there as much billing and cooing as there was before marriage? McBride—The billing has increased largely.

THE NEW YORK STORE is one of the largest establishments in the South and carries a well selected assortment of dry goods, notions, etc., etc. They pay especial attention to mail orders and supply catalogues on application. Address the Stewart Dry Goods Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

PRINTING INKS.—This publication is printed with ink from the well-known firm of Ault & Wiborg Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CIGARS.—For twenty years the Spotted Fawn Cigar has been made by one firm, who have established themselves by keeping up the standard and quality of the excellent goods they manufacture. See the advertisement of C. C. Bickel & Co., and read their generous offer to readers of this magazine.

BUSINESS SENSE—Passenger (arising)—Has any one in here a piece of court plaster? All the Passengers—No! Passenger—No? Well, I have here the finest court plaster—only ten cents a package, and you can't say you are fully supplied.—*Puck*.

SPORTING GOODS.—For catalogues and other information write to Griffith & Semple, No. 512 W. Main street, Louisville, Kentucky, who are agents for the famous Spalding's Sporting Goods.

SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING is conducted by Carolus Brenner. If you desire to become an artist, address him at his studio, No. 348 Fourth avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

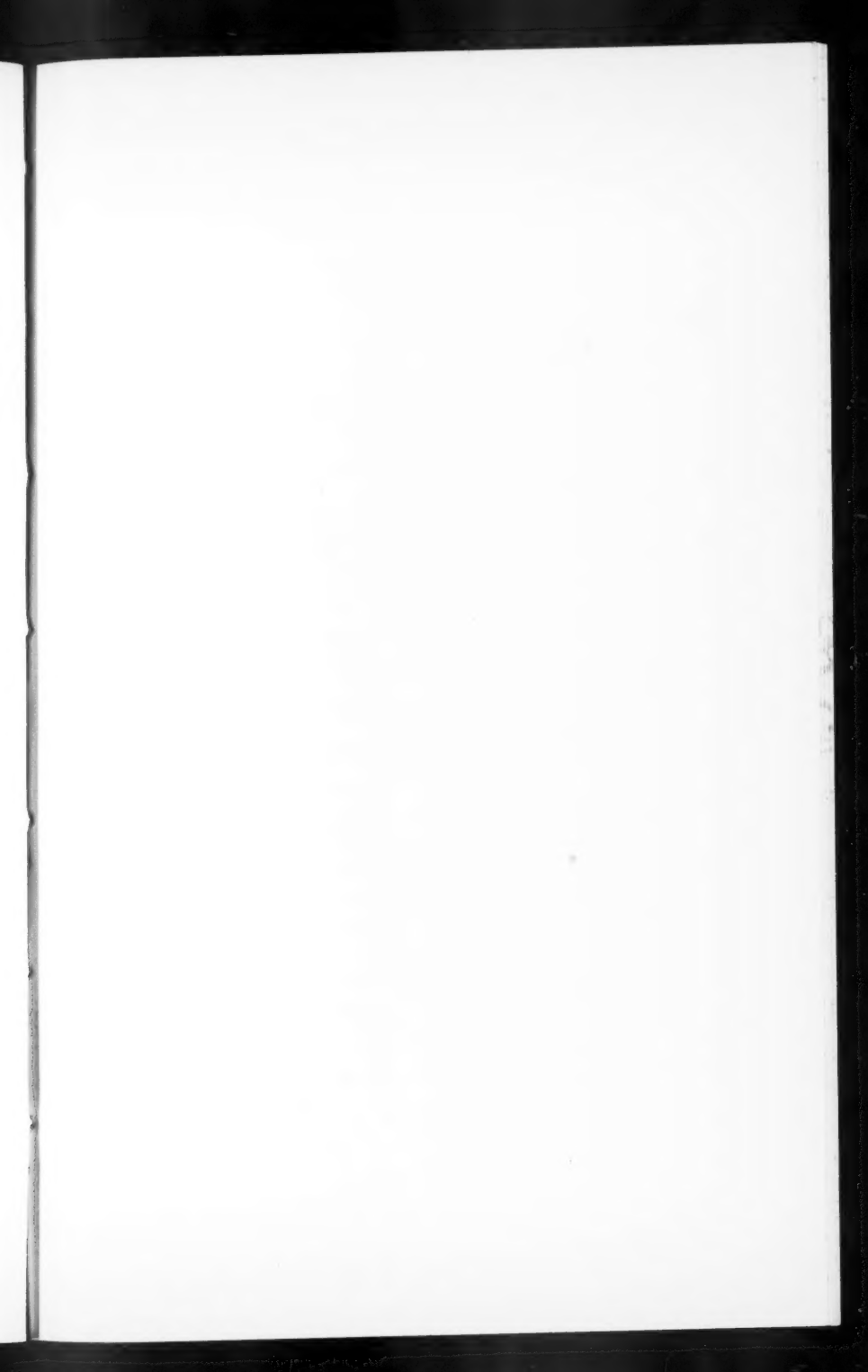
BLUE RIBBON WHISKY has an established reputation all over the world for purity. If you want a fine whisky for medicinal purposes and it is not to be had in your community, write to the Fible & Crabb Distilling Company, Eminence, Kentucky, and you will receive courteous treatment.

BILL NYE writes to the baldheaded man who asked for his advice on restoratives, as follows: Take your restorative money and buy a town lot in a growing town that supports its home paper and advertises and goes ahead and you will be fixed and won't care whether you have any hair or not.

THE STANDARD.—If you are in need of employment and are willing to work, read the advertisement of this company on another page and write to Mr. Thomas H. Hays, State agent, 504 Commerce Building, Louisville, Ky.

ENGRAVINGS.—We call your attention to the fine work as shown on our illustrations, which were made by Messrs. J. Manz & Co., 183-7 Monroe street, Chicago.

TAILORS AND DRAPERS.—We call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Winn & Langan, who are cheapest in price of any high-class tailors in Louisville. This firm pay especial attention to mail orders and out-of-town customers.





APRIL.

DRAWN BY MAXIMILIENNE GUYON.

ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MESSRS. KLAUBER & SON.